

STATE OF THE UNIONS: A SPECIAL REPORT

MAY 1974

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50¢

Maclean's

Hockey Swedish-style: He shoots! She scores!
Margaret Atwood profiles Margaret Laurence



The bare facts about acupuncture



For people with a taste for something better.



Mrs. Tietzen writes a poem in honor of her ancient Maytags as they retire.

December 1, 1973

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Mrs. Paul Tietzen
Mrs. Paul Tietzen
Edmonton, Alberta

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TRIUMPH TR6



Maclean's

MAY 1974

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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

When John Gault tackles a story of the magnitude of the acupuncture piece appearing on page 28, he knows himself totally in the topic, engaging a month or so later as knowledgeable as it is possible for the layman to be. "It's no investigative report," he says. "That, being said, I'm a research nut simply because I don't feel comfortable just stringing together facts. I have to know what I'm leaving out as well as what I'm putting in, and I have to know why I'm leaving what out."

That's the secret of the rapport he has with the medical profession. Doctors respect his writing, as do his journalists. It evolved gradually over the three years the 32-year-old Gault reported on drugs, mental health and medicine for the Toronto Telegram and in those years since the paper folded that he has first-hand on topics as diverse as male sexuality, psychic phenomena and medicine. He has also written many profiles and *The Run Go Wild*, a biography of hockey's Paul Henderson. But his by-line is most often associated with medical stories.

"Everybody's interested in medicine. It's probably the best-read subject matter," says

Gault. "But it's a technical enough subject that it can bore easily, and that's where I have to rely on metaphors: if it's getting to me it's got to be getting to readers. I also rely heavily on anecdotes. They describe far more adequately than any descriptive I could use, and I like to do my own research simply because I always manage to find a few vignettes that a researcher might miss if he or she didn't have the totality of the story at hand. Like the fact that the Tibetans use acupuncture on their horses — that adds a whole new dimension to the piece."

Research has also delighted by-products. While Gault was talking with acupuncture expert Dr. C. Y. Leung at the University of Western Ontario he was shown one of the important pressure points, the *Ho Ku* which is somewhere in the webbing between the thumb and first finger. A needle here, or even pressure applied by pinching, does a variety of things. It relaxes, brings on a sense of well-being, almost euphoria, and it's used to treat constipation in small children in China. It can also relieve tension, and Gault, who used to suffer slight fits of mania, has been sleeping like a baby ever since.



Holding the line with Marc Lalonde

It, as Ralph Allen once wrote, hockey is our national religion, football is our national protest. Ever since Earl Grey donated his silver trophy to the Canadian Rugby Union in 1906, the Grey Cup play-off has been the one Canadian event that really gets the whole nation excited about itself.

John P. Bassett's move to introduce the World Football League into Canada with entry of the Toronto Northmen ignited the beginning of the end of eternally Canadian football. Health and Welfare Minister Marc Lalonde is dead right to try to stop him. Even before Lalonde formally moved against the Northmen, Bassett had declared war on the federal government and Gary Davidson, the WFL president, was calling down the retaliatory wrath of the U.S. State Department.

There is an important principle involved here that reaches beyond the monetary question of professional football. It is up to us, not the Americans, to decide whether the issue at hand is worth making a stink about, then to fight it, fully aware that it's going to cost as much. Bassett has been raging against the government's interference in what he regards as a straight business deal. It's been a whole series of "straight business deals" just like this that have made Canada the only country in history that has voluntarily placed itself into something perfectly close to colonial status. Lalonde quite rightly perceives the WFL intrusion as the death of Canadian football as we have known it.

Canadian institutions that arouse people's feelings are few enough. We can't afford to desert this one when it needs us most. The putting silence of the entire CFL owners in face of the WFL threat can lead the cynical sportsman into all kinds of murky conclusions. But having just toured western Canada, I can't agree with sportswriters and others in the East who have been suggesting that Lalonde has been equally cynical by using the football issue to try and win Prime votes for the Liberals. The fact is that the Princes wouldn't vote Liberal if Pierre Trudeau became water boy for the Regina Roughriders. This seems to be a straightforward, if rare, case of the Liberal government placing the long-term national interest ahead of short-term political considerations.

Entry of the WFL would have a devastating effect on Canadian football. Unlike the old Continental League of the early 1960s (which also had roots in Montreal and Toronto) the WFL has massive financial backing from its U.S. principals. Television is the monetary lifeblood of Canadian football. The CBC already carries massive coverage of NFL games and the Bassett family, which dominates the CTV network, successfully bid up all of Canada to televise the WFL contracts. With the WFL being promoted on one network and the NFL pulled on the other, the CFL games would be quickly lost in the scramble. (I have no grudge against the NFL or the fact that we can watch its games on Canadian TV. But given the choice between cheering for Ronnie Lancaster of Regina and Bob Griese of the current Super Bowl champions, the Miami Dolphins, I'll take Lancaster every time. In the 1973 season alone, Lancaster considered more passes than Griese even attempted.)

Given some vigorous leadership, there's no reason the CFL itself couldn't expand into Halifax, Quebec City, London, Ontario, or form a second Toronto team. Jake Gaudin, the CFL commissioner, has never been won't with tears in his eyes when they strike up *O Canada* before the opening whistle. But he snarled up the situation well when the Northmen first came in. "This is a fight to the finish," he said. "If the Northmen lose, 'basst might drop a couple of million dollars. If we give in, we'll lose 50 years of tradition of Canadian football." Exactly.

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Trudeau: an instinctive grasp for power

We are in the midst of a decade of anniversaries for Pierre Elliott Trudeau. He was elected Liberal leader on April 6, 1968, sworn in as Prime Minister on April 20 and won his first election as Prime Minister on June 23. However you measure it, he has been the nation's first minister for six years — longer than either John Diefenbaker or Lester Pearson. He is also, it appears, coming up to another milestone — his third general election as the head of a government. This seems an appropriate time to look at the man, and how he has changed under the pressures of the most demanding job in Canada.

When Trudeau became Liberal leader, in those dark and distant days of flower power and the first boomer when he burst on the nation as the new political man, he came to us, as Gordon Donaldson's memorable phrase, "like a stone through a stained-glass window." He was novel and exciting and we read into him everything we wanted in a political leader: honesty, detachment, charisma, youthfulness, strength, intelligence and compassion. One writer even made his language pure. "The strongest movement," wrote Martin Sedgwick of *Time* magazine, "is a British 'bloody'."

Trudeau in office turned out to be not quite as advertised. On social issues, he was a conservative, and the Just Society would jam laws to wait in politics, he preferred mild reformers but no major ones, and participatory democracy became a mocking phrase. On civil liberties, he erupted as an zealot, and, in place of new freedoms, we got the War Measures Act. In economics, he stood downstage with Pearson's flock of frightened mandarins, and we got inflation and interplayment raising wild across Canada.

Not surprisingly, a counter-trend set in. I like to think I played a small part in it with *Shine*, Trudeau's first novel. Now the Prime Minister was more, like any other politician, as at best a mixture of frailties and at worst a one-man disaster area. As the press had been extravagant, so now the demonstrations we blasted him for everything from the declining deficit to the wheat surplus. We did not as yet perceive our blame in mix with his

failures — although there were considerable — instead we measured the distance between the hopes and aspirations we once had of the man and his performance in office, and we changed him with a shovelful that was partly his and partly ours. That was unfair, but unfair we bracketed him, with praise and censure, until we got him into perspective.

During all this process, the heading and the heading, Trudeau changed very little. He lost some hair, his nose got bigger shorter, his shrugs more pronounced.

Thus came the 1972 election, and its rebuke at the polls.

The Prime Minister's own explanation of his failure to win a majority was that his campaign had been "too rational," too cool, too cerebral. Next time, he promised us, there would be more partnership, more gut politics. It was an interesting explanation for anyone who had followed that campaign and who remembered the phony personal letters to voters (purporting to come from the Prime Minister, but actually the product of an American public relations firm), the "Trop power" tale used in Quebec to drum up French support, the extravagant outbursts against the unemployed, the shoving match with a huckster on a Vancouver street and, at the end, the revealing that minority governments lead to increased stolen votes, bank robberies and train derailments. Astonishing or not, Trudeau put it aside. In the next weeks and months we are going to be treated to a lot of clichés about how the Prime Minister has "taken the gloves off" and a "coming out fighting" with "no holds barred."

I don't mean that Trudeau learned nothing in 1972. He learned a great deal, and his attitude of government since then has changed and improved. Under the prodding of the NDP, we have had better legislation on almost

every front, from a stronger takeover law to slow down the rate at which the U.S. gobbles up our acreage, to better budgets, to a much-improved family allowance scheme.

But if his conduct has changed, the Prime Minister has not. If he appears flexible, well, he was always flexible. Once he was a socialist, and then he was not, once he voted the Liberals left and right, and then he joined them, once he stood with striking asbestos workers in Quebec and sound them with his speeches, and then he told striking mail-truck drivers in Ontario to "mop up in a hurry." He has also always been shrewd enough to give way, to abandon a smaller point to gain a greater. When he joined the Liberals, he had to drop his opposition — which he had carried to the point of near frenzy in the pages of *Civil Liberties* — to the presence of U.S. nuclear warheads on the tips of Canadian foreign missiles. Eventually he learned that compromise is not power, and in due course he got rid of the missiles.

For the constant in Trudeau's makeup is his instinctive ability to look, to hold and to exercise power. If the attainment of power requires a swinger, why, we shall have a swinger, if a responsible married man, we shall have that. If to lose the secrets of office he must first swallow much of the NDP program, well, the thing can be arranged.

In short, whichever of his accessories we are seeking today, Trudeau is the same man who came to power six years ago. At bottom he is now, as he was then, a politician like the others, not so much better and not much worse than any of his predecessors in office.

AGRICULTURE / DON BARON

The Prairies opt for an open market

In a vote that went largely unnoticed by most Canadians, nearly 33,000 Prairie farmers marked ballots this past week to climax what may have been one of the decisive political struggles in this country's history. Obviously, the vote was a simple matter. Farmers were deciding whether to continue marketing their 3200-million-repensed crop in the open market where they could apply



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Whether it's the *National Class Championships* or simply racing a neighbour across the lake, the thrill is the same.

The open sea, the feeling of freedom, and the challenge of putting the wind to work for you. That's what makes the day. And when the wind is down and boats are moored, there's always time to share the experiences with good friends. And that's the time for Seagram's V.O.

V.O. is a blend of the finest Canadian whiskies from Seagram distilleries across the land. It goes with good times.

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The Prime Minister: a mixture of frailties



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Roy: Uniroyals are built for the road. They're tested for stopping, cornering, easy handling, wear, puncture resistance, bad roads and bad weather. That's me above giving them my own personal smooth-riding test.

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their own judgment, or if they wanted the Canadian Wheat Board to take monopoly control and make all the marketing decisions as it does with wheat.

Yet it wasn't that simple. The vote was called by Otto Lang, the minister responsible for agricultural policy, in response to continuing cries from some farm organizations and from the NDP governments of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, which distrust any open market and want all Prairie grains sold through the state marketing agency.

It was the first time in a quarter century that Prairie farmers had been offered a vote on the selling system to be used for one of their grains. And it was one of the biggest gambles of Otto Lang's political life.

The campaign opened a Pandora's box. Long marketing provisions floundered as monopoly marketers and open marketers clashed. The New Democratic Party and Lang solidified an uneasy coalition despite the continuing Liberal/NDP alliance in the House of Commons. Lang was accused of trying to destroy the Wheat Board for which he is the minister responsible.

The unbridled Whosoppe Conspiracy Exchange, which has been at the heart of open-market selling of grain in Canada, made a last gasp effort for survival, sending members out to farm meetings and mounting an advertising campaign to explain the open market.

The intensity of the campaign gave the vote an unexpected importance that could go beyond regional and set a new mood for the Prairies, perhaps even for much of Canada's agriculture. And when the votes were counted, wheat refused growers asked that open market selling continue.

In a strange paradox, the vote came at a time when the West is caught up in the greatest burst of prosperity it's ever known. Prairie grain farmers have hit the jackpot this year. Selling grain prices are carrying farm incomes to stratospheric levels. Total receipts for farm product sales hit a record \$6.9 billion in 1973, up 28% from 1972, and they should hit nine billion dollars this year.

"It's mind boggling," admits Otto Lang. "It looks like a fairy tale. But it's true." Nevertheless, it was Lang's conviction that the Prairie grain industry faces a crisis, and that basic changes in its structure can be delayed no longer, that compelled him to call the vote.

It all boils down to an ideological struggle over government control or individual freedom — a public utility



The harvest is well on its way.

agriculture or an enterprise agribusiness? Federal politicians have been sweeping that question under the rug for years. Lang decided to face it squarely.

He staked a neutral position in the vote, but he doesn't hide his belief that the best way to breathe new life into the Prairie grain industry is to free growers from the strait-jacket of government control and to let them set their own futures. His stance on the issue is close to that of the federal Conservative party and the powerful Alberta Conservative government.

Now, the farmers have voted for individual initiative. And that could mean the Prairies and Canada won't, it is ready to start treating agribusiness as an industry rather than a political playpen.

Lang himself has a clear idea of what a modern grain industry might look like. His staff includes experts who have systematically identified bottlenecks in the grain industry and proposed remedies. Now, Lang senses he has the initiative. The repressed voice was hardly muted when he was back on the public platform, declaring that a consensus on grain marketing and the shape of the Prairie grain industry is coming far faster than anyone had thought possible a couple of years ago. Then he stumbled into virtually forbidden territory, saying the Crossroads rules under which Prairie grain has been hauled to market almost from the beginning is one of the problems. The Crossroads rules, critics charge, keep the farmers' hands tied, keeping the interests of grain, he said, because they don't provide the railroads with enough business to buy new equipment. He told federal government subsidies to the railroads to compensate for the Crossroads rules. "If farmers' money wanted to be anything but an economic drain," he said.

He has announced plans to let Prairie grain producers themselves elect the members of the Canadian

Don Kavan is editor of Country Guide from magazine Whosoppe.

Wheat Board's Advisory Council rather than have them government-appointed. He intends to free up the movement of feed grains within the country in a new policy aimed at bringing equity to East and West. He says he is going to deal with the feed freight assistance dispute in which Ottawa subsidizes the movement of Prairie feed grains to eastern Canada's livestock feeders in a program that both sides in and western farmers claim victimizes them.

In fact, he may be doing what was considered only a few months ago to be impossible — setting the stage for the Prairie grain industry to become a world leader once again.

PARADE

When Montreal's Gordon Martineau got a job as anchorman for Night Heat, CTV's late news coverage for the Toronto area, he adopted as Gertie with a new surname — Martin — presumably because the publicity people feared it might be difficult to sell. Public outrage was so great, however, that within days CTV's anchor, John Ross, returned the naming vote to Martineau.

How times have changed. The mm Martineau replaced, Tony Parsons, began broadcasting as Tony Parsons.

ENERGY / JANICE COWAN

Turning on the tide in Fundy Bay

For more than 50 years engineers and oceanographers have looked out over the Bay of Fundy and pondered ways of making one of the sweetest waters in Atlantic Canada flow against the Nova Scotia coast. To many local residents, the bay, for all its beauty, is nothing more than Canada's largest collied malar (raw sewage is dumped directly into it and the strength of the tide, red mud when the tide is not behind the dike that the swirling waters oil as a natural sewage treatment plant). To scientists, however, the Fundy tides are a huge untapped source of energy of the very best kind — constantly renewing itself and non-polluting.

There have been studies here being carried out since 1944 on the possibility



The French report on a \$2.5 million estimate.

of harassing the French tale and every one has reached the same conclusion: other sources of power are cheaper. But now, Dr. Christopher Garrett, a young oceanographer at Dalhousie University, has shown to the satisfaction of many scientists that the latest and costliest (\$2.5 million) study is riddled with errors and its results are probably worthless. Because of his findings and the North American energy crisis the dream of French power is very much alive again.

The basic fault, according to Garrett, was in the model used in the benefit study. It should have taken in a much larger area and then it would have shown clearly that "the tide will be increased by the construction of a barrier, not decreased." That, of course, would make power cheaper, not more expensive.

Garrett published a paper openly challenging the board's findings and, partly as a result of the questions he raised, a panel of experts, including Garrett, met in Ottawa to review the 1989 findings.

The scientists have now been asked to submit suggestions for a new Canadian-owned model of the bay that will provide a more accurate assessment of the tides. In addition, scientists and engineers from the United States, France, Britain, Australia and the Soviet Union have been invited to a summit conference of tidal power experts in Acadia University in Wolfville, NS, this year to contribute their ideas on how to exploit the French tides.

After 50 years, tidal power may be an idea whose time has come.

Janice Crovis is a Nova Scotia freelance writer.

EDUCATION / BY SCHUCHTER

Getting beyond that high-school bad French

In suburban Montreal, just a short walk from where the FLQ snatched Pierre Laporte, sits the St. Lambert Elementary School, the scene of a unique language experiment with profound implications for English-French relations. The proximity to the Laporte house is accidental, but fitting. While the seizure and murder of the provincial labor minister marked the low point of Canadian federalism, the St. Lambert experiment marks a high point. It just may tell us how to raise the next generation of Canadians truly bilingual.

At little cost. And with remarkable ease. The experiment began eight years ago. A group of English parents, disturbed by the steadily growing alienation for French to the working language of Quebec, decided to protect their offspring by having them educated in French, as if they were enrolled in a francophone rather than anglophone school, and hoped they could sufficiently develop their English skills at home and in the streets.

The immersion program was kicked off in kindergarten, where the youngsters were introduced informally to the new language through stories, rhymes, and play. In grade one they were given their first tools of reading, writing, and arithmetic — again exclusively in French. There was no attempt to teach them to read in their native language, and the parents were urged not to pick up the slack at home. Finally, in grade two, as their English language instruction was added, the remainder of the day's classes — in arithmetic, art, writing, music, science and the like — were urged not to pick up the slack at home. Finally, in grade two, as their English language instruction was added, the remainder of the day's classes — in arithmetic, art, writing, music, science and the like — were urged not to pick up the slack at home.

Each spring the students have been subjected to a battery of tests by a team of McGill psychologists. English and French language skills were extensively probed, as well as creativity, IQ, and general psychological health. Scores were compared with control groups of English and French students taught in the usual fashion.

The results have been astounding. By the time the youngsters hit

Mame avait un p'tit agneau
D'un côté de sa tête pure
Et l'autre côté de sa tête pure
L'agneau suivait pour sûr
Un jour il entra dans l'école
En gâche de bonne grâce
Les enfants bousculèrent les drôles
De voir l'agneau en classe
Alors il fut mis à la porte,
Mais il resta tout près
Adossé au placard
De sorte
Que Mame revint jouer.
"Pourquoi l'agneau aime-t-il Mame?"



Robert White

The children learn French in kindergarten, grades four and five, they can read, speak and write French with fluency and confidence. Their abilities of course don't match the French control group. They make more errors, and they tend to choose simpler syntactic structures in construction. But they can still handle French with a confidence and ease that graduates of traditional second language programs have been unable to attain, which means that today they are functionally bilingual — and that is a view that few of Montreal's English language schools can make.

And their expressive facility with French comes without any corresponding intellectual retardation. The students score as well as the English control group in all measures of English language ability. In other subjects such as arithmetic or science, where they have been taught exclusively in French, their performance parities with their traditionally tutored counterparts — whether they are tested in English or in French. And in perhaps the most exciting finding of all, they equal or outpace the two control groups in various tests of creativity and open-ended ability. Over successive years, more of the immersion was switched to the mother tongue, until by grade seven a touch more than half was now in English.

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The results have been astounding. By the time the youngsters hit

Permanent wear: \$ 5.00
Today: \$20.00

Radio: \$115.00
Sound TV: \$819.00

Seals: \$ 3.50
Today: \$42.00

Man's pipe: \$ 1.50
Today: \$11.00

Newspaper: \$.02
Today: \$.30

2-piece living room suite: \$ 82.50
Today: \$600.00

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And they know how to help out in other ways. Like Ken Littlejohns. The kids in Ontario know Ken. The football teams he coached there won the All-Ontario Intermediate Championships three years running. (These days, Ken's our general agent in Kamloops, B.C. We expect great things of him — maybe even another championship.)

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language before the age of six or eight if they are destined for something more than elementary education," he advises.

The researchers also checked the students' self-view and others' view. They found no signs of anomaly; their self-views are as favorable and as healthy as the control group, and they identify as strongly with English Canadians as do their peers.

William Lashburn and Dick Tucker, the two psychologists heading the McGill study, try to maintain scientific objectivity when discussing the project. They prefer to let the research speak for itself, and are reluctant to generalize from the findings, which they realize may not be applicable to all situations. Still, the researchers are delighted that other major programs in Toronto and Ottawa as well as their own with lower-class Montrealers are showing similar results.

SPORTS / JACK DENOUE

Dribbling away those weary basketball blues

Finding 12 world-class basketball players in Canada would seem a formidable task, not to say impossible. A Canadian may have invented the game, we've never succeeded in dominating it. The Americans, anyone, and more recently the Russians. But the country that created the game couldn't make it past the qualifying round for the 1976 Olympics.

Take heart, Jack Denoué, a body, 42-year-old New Yorker (now settled in Ottawa with his wife and six children), is convinced that when we host the 1976 Olympics we won't be underwhelmed, we'll be proud. Denoué should know. For the past two years he has been coach and technical coordinator of Canada's National Basketball Team, and he sees no difficulty in developing an Olympic contender in time for the games.

Denoué has the credentials. He played college ball at Fordham, then coached high-school teams in the Bronx and Massachusetts (250 wins, 42 losses, several city and state championships). He coached Holy Cross, the Boston university considered one of the great important American basketball schools, and he spent two summers, 1969 and 1970, leading

West Germany's basketball team. And along the way, back at Power Memorial High in Manhattan, he shaped the style of a kid who later became the most accomplished player in the game today, Lee Alexander, also known as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

"I don't deserve that much credit for Jabbar," Denoué was saying recently. "When a kid of 13 is outstanding, he can't be hard to spot, as a coach." Power taken, but are there any Jabbars in Canada?

"I already found lots of great kids," says Denoué, with that distinctive lisp New York blond of brains, tenacity and drive. "The players I've come across up here have got everything you need in basketball, size and speed and brains. What they didn't need to have was attitude. I remember at the training camp before the 1972 Olympics we had telling us some mother: 'We don't take basketball seriously in Canada' and everybody else nodding their heads. I almost hit the roof. Well, in the last couple of years we started taking basketball very, very seriously, believe me, and, look, in 1973 the national team had its first winning season against international competition since 1936."

Denoué ticks off the names of the players who are doing the winning for him and for Canada.

Ken Hawes of Vancouver. "He's an out-of-11 — usually we like to try he's an even seven 'cause it makes the opposition a little tight — and during the world he plays at the University of Washington which is a hell of a tough conference with UCLA, the national champs."

George Bontas of Toronto. "Sophomore guard at Niagara University, a very competitive American basketball school, and he's the team's number three scorer."

Ken McKinley of Vancouver. "He's at Montreal University, and he's an out-of-10, so don't let me hear any shortage of good big kids in Canada."

Bennie Russell of Hamilton. "He plays for Colgate University in New York State. You see what the trend is? American coaches are coming into Canada and working hard to recruit our boys for their schools because Canadians are good enough to play in arenas in U.S. college ball. And we can't afford to let that go on. We gotta build up our own college game."

The rest of Denoué's team is spread from Simon Fraser (two players) to St. Mary's (one player) to the Pacific (two players, one on a 34-point man, the other on an Indian) with

lots of stops in between, notably at the University of Manitoba (three players). And that scattering of the team is one of the drawbacks in Denoué's job. He can bring his players together only after school is out, in the late spring and summer. But he makes up for the lack of togetherness by keeping the team busy. The spring and summer, the Nationals will travel to Brazil for a tournament, play a cross-Canada tour against teams from Chaco, Greece and Italy, take part in a series of games with the rookies of various U.S. pro teams, then head to Puerto Rico in July for the World Championships.

"We set a goal for Puerto Rico," Denoué says. "We're going to finish in the top eight teams in the world. Canada hasn't gone that high in almost 40 years, but hell, in '73 Cuba was the only team that really ran in front of the game and that happened at arena 55,000 with 18,000 fans. Cubans including Castro and the two Cuban referees."

The ultimate goal, beyond 1974, is nothing less than victory at the Montreal Olympics in '76, a point that Denoué emphasizes in a typed line at the top of all communications to his players reminding them of the precise number of days until the beginning of the 1976 Olympics. Part of his strategy will be to maintain his own control over administration and coaching.

"I think of myself as like a plumber," he says. "You don't call me in until you're in trouble and then you get me until you're really into it. And if you keep looking over my shoulder while I'm at work, well, it's going to cost you even more."

So what's looking? We're just waiting for the games.



Jack Denoué (left) leads his team.

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Frosty Friday

John Atkin's analysis of the energy situation — *The Cold Factor* (February) — is informative and is well complemented by the companion articles by Laybourn, Macdonald, Weller and Korman. However, some glaring omissions which really embody the crisis of the whole matter need to be mentioned.

Canada started to pursue nuclear power technology a generation ago, at a time when a large portion of our present population had not yet been and when many of our current leaders were still in high school. Since that time, it has become clear to many responsible, conscientious scientists that we are dealing with something that we may not be able to control. The fact is that waste products which will be dangerous for a period of time equal to the life-span of a civilization will have to be stored. What we are in effect saying is that during the life of the waste materials there will always be a civilization whose technology is at least equal to ours who will keep control of the material; that no group with demonic intent will ever disturb it; and most importantly, no sane, pragmatic change will ever spring its loose. History and prelogical theory is anything but reassuring in these respects.

Happily there may be a way in which we can avoid the national debate and struggle involved in making this moral decision. If we just do some simple arithmetic with respect to the quantity of electrical energy required to replace oil and gas, and calculate the quantity of radioactive waste needed to transmit that energy and turn it into heat, light and work, we come to some startling conclusions.

These big shiny nuclear molts will all be coming into service just about the time that the world's economically recoverable resources of the extractive metals have been totally squandered. What a paradox: all those billions spent on mankind's most dangerous venture yet, and no way of tying it.

The five authors all seem to share a concern about Canada's survival as a democratic way of life. Unless we adopt policies of conservation instead of policies of consumption in order to provide time for rational adjustments of lifestyle, the prospect is bleak. At Canada were to provide leadership in these things, she might not only survive but be a great nation as well.

B. G. BROWN, VICTORIA

Big hand, little lady

Thank you very much for publishing in your February issue the article *At the Heart of a Loss* by Betty Jane Wylie, and a particular vote of appreciation to the author for sharing with the public a personal and heart-breaking experience with the death of her husband. Mrs. Wylie, you have made me and many other wives more thoughtful about how precious a good husband is and maybe we can express this more often.

My very best wishes for the future to a fine woman.

MRS. JUNE GOODMAN, TORONTO

I can't tell you how much I appreciated your publishing Betty Jane Wylie's article — *At the Heart of a Loss* (February).

The inevitable loss of one's mate is, I feel, one of life's most terrible experiences. It happened to me last year — two days before my seventieth birthday, so I know what it is.

like I found Mrs. Wylie's story most encouraging, and hope she writes more.

R. GODDARD, VANCOUVER

Plastic man

The January *Maclean's* was a case study of technological literacy.

The first article, you can find an article by Walter Stewart on Canadian cities — *Why Cover Don't Walk* — which was excellent except for one thing: it ignored the technological designs we need to accomplish our social ends. Of course the cities need economic and political power to deal with their problems — but they also have to know what to do with that power in the material world.

The idea is surely to design environments in other ways — smaller urban centres with less separation of functions such as work, play, family life, shopping, higher local population densities (especially along public transit networks) but with compensating local amenities and open spaces, more efficient use of public spaces both indoors and out, etc. Better technological design would include concerns for basic human needs, including diversity of activities and participation in the life of the community, and for energy conservation, land use, aesthetics, ecology, etc. How to define and achieve these goals is not just a question for architects, technocrats and planners — the nature of these designs and their effect on people's lives should be a matter for discussion in magazines such as *Maclean's*.

ROBERT W. HARRISON, OTTAWA

Pusher woman

Heather Robertson's pieceyore about the *Sonny And Cher Comedy Hour* — which, interestingly enough, failed to even mention Sonny beyond the title in sections which seem to imply a good deal about the Robertson view of the world — is another example, all too common these days, of that delusion of civility that afflicts some people when they acquire a public screen for public profit. Sure, Sonny and Cher put on a great show, but the style is not all that new, and that delusion about how the show is an example of "television as art, a medium which is all style and no content" is just bad McClellan, who said it all before and with considerably more flair. It didn't make much sense then, and it doesn't now.

Also, it is a pathetic commentary on our life when an entertainment is praised in a national magazine by continued on page 18

Canada needs more steel

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Stelco has spent or committed \$85 million for the protection of air and water quality. Operation rules and preservation of the countryside are important considerations at the Lake Erie complex.



During the past 30 years, Stelco has been expanding its steelmaking facilities at an impressive rate. The Company has quadrupled its production of steel in this period. A tremendous surge in economic growth throughout the world has created an unprecedented demand for steel. The greatest need for steel—for construction, for manufacturing, for scores of vital uses—exceeds even the most bullish of forecasts. What is Stelco, Canada's largest steel producer, going about it?

The fact is, millions of hours of planning and engineering time are now contributing to an immense expansion program that is of importance to every facet of our nation's industry. The stage has been set for a doubling of Stelco's steel production capabilities by the 1980's. The program is now underway. A fully integrated steel mill on the north shore of Lake Erie will eventually double Stelco's present maximum ton capacity. Advanced technology and plant layout will combine to make this project one of the most efficient steelmaking operations anywhere.

Steel is now being produced by Stelco in Quebec with a new modern mill at Capreol. This represents a major addition to the Company's facilities serving Eastern Canada.

A completely new mill incorporating certain technology unique to North America has been built at Edmonkton. This mill will triple Stelco's capacity to make steel in Western Canada.

Major expansion of Hilton Works in Hamilton has added additional production capacity in one of the world's most efficient steelmaking plants.

The heaviest, large-diameter, high-pressure pipe ever made in this country is to be produced in Welland. A revolutionary concept developed by Stelco engineers, the unique Spelturm spiral mill can produce 1.7 miles of pipe every day for much needed oil and gas pipelines.

A special coil-size line for producing sponge iron by direct reduction from ore is being pioneered by Stelco at its Griffith Mine in Northern Ontario. This new technology will help to alleviate the serious shortage of steel scrap. Iron ore and coal sources are being developed throughout North America to ensure the supply of these vital raw materials well into the foreseeable future.

The magnitude of this expansion program exceeds that of any previous steelmaking development in Canada. But it will not be out of proportion with Stelco's previous growth rate.

What of the environment? Unprecedented attention is being devoted to protecting the quality of air and water—and the earth itself—in the vicinity of Stelco's plants. The Company has spent or committed \$85 million on environmental programs. The Lake Erie plant will incorporate the latest technology for protecting the environment. New grade landscaped hills will

substitute operating no-belt. More than half a million dollars is being spent on trees alone, to preserve the natural beauty of the site.

A thriving Canada needs more steel for the things that are so much a part of our lives. Stelco is doing something about satisfying this need as soon as possible, with the largest expansion venture in the history of Canadian steelmaking.

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*Bill Sutherland is headquartered in Victoria, B.C. 188
One month. Other Ontario listings

one of the would-be opiate addicts because it "is put together like a good dope trip." That isn't perceptive criticism. If it is, in my opinion, sick humor, a very insensitive and artificial wit on just plain stupidity. If Robertson were hip enough, he would know it.

FRANK R. WELSHON, PhD,
LONDON, ONT.

At a time when the incidence of drug addiction is assuming epidemic proportions it is incredible that *Maclean's* would glorify, condone and recommend by inference, the controlled use of drugs.

Whether Robertson's *Triggers* cut out with *Jokey* and *Clay* in the March issue, is an example of irresponsible journalism.

"Being stoned... reflects a kind of relaxed exuberance, as such, good material for... If *Jokey* and *Clay* aren't stoned... they sure seem to be... so does the stoned audience. The whole show is put together like a good dope trip. Everybody is happy."

Whether Robertson has apparently established a reputation for careless writing on subjects he hasn't researched sufficiently, May I suggest that he contact the Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation, 33 Russell Street, Toronto 4, and find out what a dope trip really is.

Personally, I should like to see him charged with contributing to juvenile delinquency.

MRS. EVELYN M. CRAIG, VANCOUVER

The happy exorcist

Though I haven't seen the film *The Exorcist*, reviewed by John Hofman in your March issue, I suspect the voice of the green voice that is the "baron's" chief accusation (almost surely) comes from small bills rather than asbestos soup.

C. S. MCCORMELL, CHICAGO

For whom Beall tolls

Concerning the article *How We Used To Learn About Sex (March)* by Michael Bliss. I knew Arthur W. Beall, referred to therein. He was a striking looking man, average height but he had a very sprightly carriage. He walked with assurance, a very white head of hair, slightly bulging blue eyes. He wore a cape, not a coat; a black cape, and wore it with flair.

He visited at my friend's home and he said, "Well, just think, he will probably speak at the high school and you know what—And then he

continued on page 79

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What's in a name?

Honestly, what a bit of patronizing intellectual snobbery Beverly Soper's article *Making it with Cyndee* (February) is; even to the point of taking a crack at the "unprobable" name of Isaac Summers. There are nine Falls, 20 Summers and 19 Waters in the Montreal phone directory. Either Isaac, which Isaac is derived is certainly not uncommon. This kind of remark certainly undercuts even the least perspicacious reader's confidence in the author's other comments.

I know some authors of Harlequin books: modest people, unpretentious about their status as authors, giving pleasure to many thousands of readers. Harlequin books are most nearly within the means of their readers and can be passed on to friends, to friends, to friends, for that reason.

WILSON, STEWART PHILLIPS
DORVAL, QUE

Regarding the February Women's column — *Making it with Cinderella* — I have finished reading my first Harlequin Romance. My interest was mainly sustained in spotting typographical errors, which by the end, numbered 12.

CHARLOTTE HOTEL, 1800N.

The January issue is the best you have given us for many a moon. Wigger and better than ever before. Thanks for letting the small-town people defend themselves. Your articles and cartoons on vital Canadian problems such as energy, oil and hockey are excellent. Once again you deserve to be known as a truly Canadian magazine — interesting and relevant to our times. We hope you can maintain the pace throughout the whole year.

REV. A. G. MACPHERSON,
PORT CRIST, QNT.

My congratulations to Barbara Klunder for her illustrations and suggestions on how to keep warm. They were the most laugh provoking two pages in the February issue. In a world fraught with tension and trouble, we can use her type of humor in heavy doses.

Living in the snow belt and with keen appreciation of carbooning, every frame was a show stopper for me. Keep that pen busy, Barbara.

NEWMAN O'LEARY STRATFORD, ONT.



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We work hard to make your housework easy.

we'll stay at our house and all the high school will know it."

I think he was really fond of young people in his pompous way. Before he died he gave away a valuable library and some of his treasures. As I was his grandfather's friend, and I think he even liked me, I inherited a blue vase from his Japanese treasures and a very fine edition of Washington Irving's *Sketches* dated 1893.

MRS. JEAN D. POWELL, GILBERT, ONT.

Way to a man's heart

Three cheers for Sandra Gotlieb, *The World's Greatest Restaurateur* (February), and Les Polons Tronçeur! First at Les Polons shall remain precious-things for me to my dying day. I can't even afford these French-died pork chops in the wet cuisine, basquaise and bolognese and about my ultimate here in my cabin in the darkest Yukon. But reading of Mrs. Gotlieb eating as she has since lights up my day. It is almost like reading Shakespeare on Cleopatra's joys in the arms of Antony — we see our vulgar appetites redeemed. We are raised above the sorry instances of our lot and left looking, free of ruggedy worry and perturbed or egotistical indignation, in the light of reflected glories. When a plucked duck becomes poetry, and ground-up liver a divine's celestial vision, when snails arrive off the land and not out of a can, we need not let petty sentiments cloud our view. We should rejoice, and share our humble joys in the happy knowledge that finer things must reach us, to give but a modest example, taking rather than Canadian bagels! So let us give thanks to the Lord for yeast, snail and duck, to the Polons Tronçeur for refining upon His creation, and to Sandra Gotlieb for clearing us with the news that, with love, devotion and a master's expertise of *from ground up* de cuisine, such intricacies are still being performed on our increasingly astronomical planet.

BOB FRISCH, DAVENPORT CITY, YUKON

One dozen roses

Just a note to thank you for your excellent magazine — the best bargain, consequently, in reading material of all sorts on the continent — and, oh yes, it's Canadian!

MRS. DOROTA E. JAMIESON, WILLOW

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO Maclean's Magazine, Your Place, 461 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7



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Labor pains: rebirth of an ideal

A Maclean's special report on the troubled state of our unions

This month, the Canadian Labor Congress, representing 1,950,000 Canadian workers, nearly 70% of all our organized labor, meets in solemn conclave in Vancouver. It promises to be quite a doozy. In contrast to former conventions, when the agenda and elections had an orchestrated air about them and all went merry as a marriage bell this year there is likely to be hell in pay at the microphones and in the caucus rooms. Reform is in the air, and the Congress is split as it has been since its great battles on the issue of Communist infiltration, decades ago. This time, like that earlier one, takes on ideological grounds, although the issues at stake are not nearly as clear-cut as they once were.

There are several strains in Congress unity. First, foremost and vaguest of them all is a general dissatisfaction with the leadership of the Canadian labor movement, a feeling that the union bureaucracy if it is not actually malevolent is suffering from a severe case of mind blindness.

Then there is the issue of Canadian nationalism. Our labor movement has always been under the dominating influence of parents unions, the so-called "Internationals" which are in fact U.S. unions, with headquarters in Chicago, New York, Washington or Detroit. Canadian unions have been fighting for more autonomy for the past five years, and for the past two the Congress leaders have been giving way before the argument with grudging admissions and wincing pleas. These leaders find themselves in a cruel cleft in a place, at the dawn of the new page will close, most of them come from unions with roots south of the border, organizations which in many cases owe their very existence to American aid. But their rank-and-file in Canada is proving restive, especially since it has learned that the U.S. unions have joined the American push to get recognition, and that the AFL-CIO, the giant American labor congress, is pushing for pay raises at the Burke-Hartke bill, the purpose of which is to restrict imports of manufactured goods into the

U.S. to protect American jobs. Burke-Hartke threatens Canadian jobs, and Canadian unions have a right to know why their dues should go for lobbying in its behalf.

For the past year, astute union leaders have argued for Canadian autonomy and attacking Burke-Hartke have been percolating through the labor movement. It therefore came as some surprise in Canada when George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, remarked at that body's annual convention that he had never heard any complaints from Canadian affiliates. Surprise became rage when Meany's chief legislative aide announced that in any event, nothing could be done for Canada at present.

There are other issues, too, among them the increasingly political role of unions in Quebec, the non-union of women in labor (the women talk a good fight, but are almost as well-dominated as the Chamber of Commerce) and the affiliation of the unions with the New Democratic Party.

But behind all these meetings is an air, easy to detect hard to define, of general bitterness about unions. A lot of us feel that organized labor has become too big, too fat, too strong, too uncaring. A lot of Canadian unions feel the same way and their voices are being heard more and more.

So, Meany's asked a well-known labor writer, and long-time unionist, to prepare a State of the Unions message. Ed Finn, a researcher and editor with the Canada Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers, begins his examination on the next page. What struck us about this article is the way it combined genuine sympathy with genuine rage.



The Canadian Labor Congress will meet in Vancouver and try to shore up the unity forces from the stars and stripes of international unions

Finn likes the unions a lot, better than many Canadians do, and he gives them hell more effectively than any of the rest of us could. On page 26, Meany are taken in to the heat and droopiness of a friendly by Jim Peirce, who quit his job as a reporter to join the workers he had been writing about. On page 28, Al Fairley, one of Canada's leading poets, provides a warm inside look at the lives of West Coast fishermen.



State of the union

Hard hat hell

In the heat of the foundry, a vision of where you hang your hopes

BY IAN PORTER

The first day on the job, the fear of no pickup for the casting shop were not a thing passed off, by the head foreman. Tony let them wait, a big smiling man. "The work's dirty," he said as he led us in, "but the money's clean."

We donned to reflect our protective gear, gaskets and pants that would show only tiny holes where splattered with molten metal to fry gloves, steel-toed boots. Two of us, myself and a gentle soul named Dick, also asked to attend the basic. The price would come out of our first pay.

At the casting shop Tony showed us where to punch our time cards and left us in the locker room to change. For a brief moment as our fresh green uniforms we looked like hospital orderlies except for the boots. Dick stayed in his street shoes.

"I want to see what the work's like," he said shyly. "If I don't like it, I don't want to pay for the boots just for getting them dirty."

He didn't like it.

"Look out back and wait back to change into my street clothes," a foreman driver said leaning down with a grin. I had been paired with a man with one finger on his left hand, a Cape Bretoner named McGowan, and we were being led on in on a little preliminary lifting and heaving. The driver was bringing in bundles of copper pipe which we had to sort into piles for the melting furnace.

"Well, now we know who had the brains," said McGowan.

I figured I had opened my eyes. Dick was not going to get in an office. The pain stays in the back of your head as an after. As you get older and slower and softer.

Sometimes when I used to sit at a desk with a telephone and a hole black book of contacts and a typewriter, I would find myself groping for the words that could make a connection for people in the world outside the office. The job was to report for the newspaper to later. *I continued on page 48.*

Caught in the net

Working the salmon run off Cape Flattery

BY AL PURDY

In 1916 I sold the freight train west, intending to get a job on the fishing boats in Vancouver. I jumped off at the yards to avoid railway cops, wandered around the Hastings and Main downtown area, went to a Dorothy Lamour movie, and a pierce caught me at the entrance to Stanley Park. The city didn't want me, and I had a tremendous feeling of homesickness. At a level crossing near the waterfront, just before dark, I remembered only one empty house of a down-dwelling east-bound freight. Without even having time to get a job on a fishing boat, I was 17.

Thirty-seven years later, I am riding a seater fish packer west from Vancouver harbor at midnight. Enjoying myself thoroughly, standing with feet wide apart on the gently heaving steel deck, deciding that even if I'd written the script I couldn't have made things more dramatic. Vancouver lights all pointing toward the ship and myself, some screens on the black water. The packer, Pacific Ocean, a monstrous creature of the seafarer. Red and white lights all around. Stanley Park, a dark animal crouched low in water. Under the Lion's Gate Bridge with soundless cars jostling 200 feet over our heads and a white moon some 700,000 miles further up. Ernie, the cook, is at the rail playing his harmonica, the Tinotador song from Casanova, I think.

In the wheelhouse Skipper Herb Shannon, veteran of 38 years at sea, steers the packer toward Jones de Paz Street. His father sailed wind ships across the Pacific in the last century. Herb Shannon, a gentle-like man who reminds me of a retired railway engineer (nobody ever looks like what they say), talks about fishing while the boat rolls quietly and I wonder about that last dash of blueberries at dinner. "Well," I say, "how does your wife like you being here for almost all your time?" "She knew what I was doing before we got married," he says. And behind us the blue of lights is growing dim.

The week before wandering the BC Packers cannery at Skowen, about 13 miles south of Vancouver, where salmon are delivered in decades by packers and smaller collectors and disappear into cans the same day. Salmon everywhere, spring, sockeye, coho, chin and pink, the five species that make up 80% of the \$100 million in commercial fish caught on the Canadian Pacific coast every year. Girls everywhere, too, girls in prints and white tankinis, dancing among the conveyor belts, hawking along the fishing and kitchen. Indian girls, Japanese, Chinese and white girls, all doing the same things I turn to one teenage shepherdess of fish, thinking to

break that mechanized spell, and say lightly, "You live around here?" "Yeah?" she grins charmingly, looks at me as if I were a slightly retarded dog salmon. I move along bravely.

About a Canadian Fishing Company (Charlton) power launch three days ago, visiting gill-netters at the Fraser's mouth, where they lower their 300-fathom-long salmon nets like window shades into the grey-green water. Returning salmon are interrupted here, near the end of their mysterious four-year cycle of life, on the way home to their birthplace spawner to spawn and die.

The gill-netter too manned by drowsy half-awake men, one by a woman, supposedly to me in this new world. George Woods hauls his net aboard with the hydraulic dolly, to remove — 11 crates, one empty milk canister, two salmon. "The way to make a living, boy," says Ron Turner on the collector, Francis Altra, his crew gaffing salmon aboard with fish traps — other gill-netters' salmon.

On the packer Pacific Ocean, two hours out from Vancouver, unaccounted motion of the sea is not the same rocking clear dream as the Fraser's mouth. Dub, engine and hull-center of the boat says, "You look kinda green." I hold onto cables at post on starboard, trying to keep my eyes on some fixed object according to previous advice. There is no getting away from it. I am not a well man. Water slops over the rail with each sickening heave. At this point I lose a plate of blueberries right off the top of my stomach. I have never been so sick in my damn life. Ernie plays the harmonica absently. I am dying.

At 10:30 a.m. we strike a floating field of logs in Anchor Pass, 30 miles or so off Nanaimo. Motors stop, we drift among the logs on momentum alone, bumping gently toward clear water. Herb Shannon, at the wheelhouse, gads us to safety. Myself, sick in sea-dizziness and seasickness, I do not want to lift my head from the bank after we strike. I hear about next day in the pilley "Fate under you see," Dick says. Herb Shannon, drinking coffee "You'll get used to it" I'd better.

The area around here, south of Cape Flattery and along the northwest coast of Vancouver Island, is the "graveyard of the Pacific," thus named for good and sufficient reasons. The Japanese Curlew driven north along the U.S. coast, caribou ships get crushed and don't watch their sides sometimes. Only 16 months ago a Japanese ship with a cargo of Dodge Colt automobiles wrecked on the northwest. / continued on page 25



Acupuncture

It's hard to dispute something that works

BY JOHN GAULT

It's pure conjecture, of course, but it's just possible that one of the reasons the Oscars Rough Riders won the 1973 Grey Cup was the imported Chinese medical art of acupuncture. While it's pretty commonly known that quarterback Jack Crawford was receiving acupuncture treatments on his injured throwing arm from the fourth game of the season, it was never revealed that a large number of the Riders — as many, I'm told, as half the team — were making regular pilgrims visits to the Oscars or Hall clinics of Dr. André Gaultin.

The players, including veteran wide receiver Moe Reaves who had hamstring problems, were limping through practices all week, responding to their common football injuries. But before the games a little needle insertion and twirling by Dr. Gaultin would soothe or reduce the pain, allow increased flexibility and movement in the scolded areas and therefore, without much argument, improve efficiency and performance. Dr. Gaultin is not a medical doctor but a DSc in Chinese medicine (he doesn't diagnose or treat medicality) who left his former science post to do acupuncture full time. He has treated other athletes including an Olympic marathoner. The first time the horse raced after the tournament, Dr. Gaultin got two dollars on his win, but he currently placed.

Acupuncture, in the two short years since Richard Nixon's visit to the People's Republic of China and the beginning of Sino-North America rapprochement, has captured the professional and popular imaginations of Canadians in a way no medical discovery has done since the laser was invented. Its use in the alleviation of severe and chronic pain has many people regarding it as near miraculous (which, of course, it is not, it is merely different).

But at the same time acupuncture has ignited a major medical-political controversy which roughly fits the art of medicine — the craggy or unrelentless flow of time — against the science of medicine. If its movement is to be used then it must be scientifically and therefore indisputably proved to work. The Canadian medical establishment position is, essentially, that research is both necessary and desirable into the uses of acupuncture as parallel to and as an alternative to anesthesia in some operations, but the medical establishment, as represented by the Canadian Medical Association and the various provincial governing/licensing bodies, the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, believes that acupuncture has no fully demonstrated scientific merit as a therapeutic device (which, in light of the stringent criteria Western medicine sets for any procedure, might never really be proven).

Only a handful of medical doctors, fewer than 100, are actually practicing any acupuncture in / continued on page 47

It looks good but, please, a little caution

BY JAMES PAUPST, MD

Last year, in Kuanghsia Hospital, Shanghai, a 66-year-old retired paper mill worker named Chang Pao-Chu sat up on the operating table and complained of thirst. He was given a small sip of cool water and while he drank it his surgeon, who had just removed the greater part of Chang's stomach due to the presence of cancer, watched closely to see if any of the water leaked, or if there were any obstructions. There wasn't, and the surgeon closed the abdominal wall.

Throughout the operation, Chang received no anesthesia. Before the operation, an acupuncture had poked a number of needles at various strategic points into Chang's body, and the patient felt no pain. He was conscious throughout the surgery and later in the day he sat up again in his hospital bed and drank orange juice and later a meat broth.

In Western hospitals it is customary in such operations to find the patient is insensory, while a tube is inserted through the nose, down the gullet to the stomach, to draw out the digestive juices. It is uncomfortable to say the least and it has proven unnecessary in cases such as Chang's.

In April, 1972, another worker, named Liu Wenchung, was lying quietly on an operating table in the Worker-Peasant-Soldier Hospital in Shanghai. He was scheduled for surgery to remove a brain tumor. Again, acupuncture was the only anesthesia he would receive.

At 9:15 a.m. the anesthesiologist took five silver needles, each slightly thicker than a human hair, and inserted them one by one into acupuncture points on the lobe of the patient's left ear. When all five had been inserted the anesthesiologist connected them to an electric acupointer, which twirled the needles back and forth at the rate of several hundred times per minute. Thirty-five minutes later Liu Wenchung reported a sensation of tingling, swelling, heaviness and numbness in the posterior ear lobe. (These sensations signify that an analgesic effect has been achieved.) The surgeon quickly ran through the left side of the scalp while his two assistants monitored the secured blood vessels. A hemispherical incision was made through the sensitive scalp musculature. The surgeon asks, "How does it feel?" Liu Wenchung responds that it feels as though there's a swelling on his head and a warm feeling around his stomach, and that he feels dizzy. The surgeon tells him to close and he closes his eyes. At 10:05 a.m. Liu Wenchung is awake and the surgeon tells him he is about to drill holes in his skull. The patient reports no discomfort but requests that he may be allowed to move his legs a little. At 10:20 a.m. the surgeon is ready to excise a tumor from the cerebral cortex. A vacuum apparatus is used to draw out pieces of the tumor. The surgeon / continued on page 42

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALL GROUP



Going down the road with the Atlantic Symphony

They aren't the best yet, but aren't they terrific?

BY DONALD CAMERON

It is a curious scene: 45 adults in full evening dress entering a technical school gymnasium in Sydney, Nova Scotia, carrying various (or is it lovely) objects made of brass, just their wood and skin. They sit up front and make a wild, interesting, Free-handed or 600 musical persons face them — schoolchildren, parents, percussion, musicians, brasses — surveying perfection.

Who are all these people?

Why, for instance, is that blonde fellow with the beard and the dinkus gloves holding a metal tube to his face and blowing notes at them: did he get this... and for what purpose?

Who is that woman, and why is she embracing that large, amorphous curved box, caressing it with her hands as savoured along a stick?

The woman is Betsy Pedersen, the man is her husband Steve, and they play the double bass and the flute in the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, which is just turning up eleven hours ago, in the symphony's big Trinity Hall, rolled out of Halifax. Steve Pedersen told me that when he first joined the symphony he found the whole thing so strange that he took to reading books about the psychology of small groups.

Making music, he explained, was in a kind of way like making love, and being in the symphony was a bit like being in a marriage. The relationships between people were oddly intimate, petty and profound at the same time. Attached to one another, deeply committed to a common enterprise, the musicians could still be angry with one another, but with virtually any sounder.

At 8.30 a.m. the bus had been parked in front of the Land Nelson Hotel in Halifax, the driver driving long veritable and uneventful scrambling into Murray's Restaurant for a coffee, to go

Celcius awkwardly lugged their instruments between the high seats, clarinetists and trumpeters tucked their little cases on the floor next. Really large instruments — large symphony flutes, double basses — were already on board in the orchestra's junk truck, driven by stage manager Jimmy Tracy and his assistant, and in a second van driven by horn player Paul Myers and percussionist Jim Fawcett, who carry a few extra dollars that way. By nine o'clock we were making our way through the woods to Highway 103 and distant Sydney.

A large fluted car, I thought, learning to the hour of convenience. The musicians are men and women of all shapes and sizes, long-haired and short-haired, young and old, natives of Brazil and Prague, Dallas and Dartmouth. Some are settled in Nova Scotia, others down of playing in Berlin, Montreal, Philadelphia. They are connected by their careers in music, and often by little else. But in the seat behind the Pedersens, Wolfgang Flebbe was reading *Der Sense* while his wife, Louisa, studied her learning materials. Both violinists, both Germans, the Flebbes met and married in Halifax. Ten of the orchestra's 45 players are married to one another.

Around us people drank beer, played bridge, read one or two books. Barry was learning too, and Steve was saying that entry musicians really do not sound. Some therefore desired Steve himself, a one-time English teacher at Toronto's Dufferin Park and Central College. His room in the Pedersens' unique, second house at Portuguese Cove, 10 on 12 miles down the shore from Halifax, is lined in the ceiling with books, by contrast, Barry's practice room is sparsely furnished, almost bare.

As a girl in Regina, Betsy wanted to play the violin, but by the time she could

begin the was in Hamilton, going to high school — too old to begin the violin. She switched to the double bass, finished her command of notes and took no other job, teaching every week in Buffalo for music lessons and winning a chair in the National Youth Orchestra. Then a bassist who taught in the Toronto public schools got a one-year symphony job and she filled in for him.

"There I was," she remembers, "teaching bass, and I hardly knew how to hold it. Then I got a job in the Atlantic Symphony for two years, but I was still just a rank student. I wonder now how I ever managed to play years."

One evening just before she left for Halifax, a fellow bassist dropped in with a friend, Steve Pedersen, who was challenged by Steve's example.

"When I was maybe 16," Steve goes, "I got hold of a little plastic instrument with four notes on it, and I ran around the farm back in Alberta playing what I thought was Beethoven's Fifth. Well, my mother could just make out enough of it that she could see what I was trying to do, and I drove her crazy. So she got me a tin can, a plastic after very much like a recorder."

A high-school band in Calgary, College in Alberta, a job in Toronto. A year in Vancouver, teaching in Toronto. All the while gradually moving from English to music. Then Barry's example. Steve quit his job because a full-time flute student and stayed alone by supply teaching. Later he went back to teaching, but kept right on with the flute.

But eventually I just had to make a decision. I found I could give up teaching, but I couldn't give up music. The Atlantic Symphony was looking for both bass and flute. The Pedersens auditioned and got the jobs. Steve was 33.

Travis: the bus / continued on page 10



PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD CAMERON

Every April we buy a farm

And every May we sell our dream

BY R. LAIRD O'BRIEN

It is the first mulling Tuesday in April, when the sun melts its rivets of brown water in the gutters and the subway is all over your pants. Floor Street in Toronto, I have just had two mid-afternoon beers in a dark place and now stand blinking on the corner of St. Thomas Street, pushing away thoughts of work, seething the spring, wondering how it must be out where you can swing your arms and shout "Yahoo!" or something. People bump past me, still deep in their winter lethargy—hands jammed in pockets, eyes on their boots. From across the candle seller tacked up against the window of a bank, his grumpy, handmade candles standing in rows on a step of dirty burlap, I pick up a proto-red-white one. The seller, a kid with strong hair and a punk T-shirt, sits on a Del Monte pushchair carton and stares past me.

"Hey, man?" he says, nudging his chin toward a pair of long legs darting across the street. "It's really spring!"

We watch her and start talking, first about the candles ("Guaranteed not to smoke"), then about himself. He used to live in the city.

"We've got a farm now, about an hour north, Simsbury. A falling-down barn with an ickies of this from one end to the other. Bought it from a guy who was into beef." We talk about vegetables and candles.

"How do you talk this?" he asks suddenly. "Cuz ain't for people anymore, man. Are you really here because, you like it, or because you need it for the bread? My dad is in the country now!"

Soil? Is that another word for peace, together—what we're all chasing after but can't seem to find? Now there's a new approach that says make your own road. It was the disillusioned kids who discovered it first, who headed back to the land—away from bigness and bigness, toward nature and crafts. This isn't so strange when you remember that we began as a nation of truffle farmers. The flow has been steady to the cities—to get warm, to get rich—but now, for many, the price isn't worth the price.

Somehow personal freedom and nature—a piece of land if you can get it—have become intertwined in the mood of the Seventies. Farmland sells for as much as \$1,000 an acre. There's a buyer for every dilapidated barn and lakefront shack. Sales of recreational products—boats, trailers, tents, bicycles, axes—some up and over. Even our horse population is booming.

Standing here beside candle man on Floor Street, I understand a little of my own frustration. He points to the candle stall in my hand.

"We're leaving now. Do you want it?"

A girl has double-parked their old panel truck and is in a hurry to load and get away. I buy my candle and carry it east along Floor Street, thinking country thoughts. Don't oranges crowd in—half-forgetful, half-concocted—of a big work-horse man and his foal of a barn filled with the smell of hay and the flapping of molasses up in the rafters. Of firepockets, strawberry preserves. Everything that is good and clean and free is suddenly out there—way out there—is the country.

I leave the sunlight for the subway and lean hard into strangers to the doors can edge shut behind me. Well, it won't be for much longer. Move out! Get some land! Just the thought of it is a great gulping gather of ice water when I am pushed.

The dream to seek a rural subculture is not without perks or encouragement. Two evenings later John-Bob Walton is bouncing along in the back of a truck on his way to buy a birthday present for Grandma. It is the early 1990s on Walpole Mountain and life is sweet. The family outside has been out, grade, handworking. Their pleasure is simple ones of fishing, swimming and just being together around that huge table. Yes, they're poor but perhaps that adds our fantasy, helps us shed some middle-class guilt.

I along with millions, nervously to this weekly rejection of cert. So many Awards and a soaring Nielsen rating testify to our hunger—for our false memories and hopeless longings.

As the credit rolled and the lights blinked out on the Mountains, I turned to my momentarily weekend family with an impassioned sales pitch. "Gee, let's get some land. Walk in the dirt and have things born and collect eggs in the morning and hear the wind whistling across the meadow and smell something instead of fresh air. God, let's get some land with some bush, too and with a stream or lake frontage and good soil so we can grow crops and have a big garden and maybe some livestock. Close enough to the city so we can get in and out if we have to. Or maybe we'll go all the way and never go live off the land. Wouldn't that be something? A breaded acres of buses!"

Three boys responded with enthusiasm, wife responded with minor stipulations, a five-bedroom house and a pasture in writing of total freedom from cleaning stalls, churning butter and having cows poking their heads in windows. Agreed.

When hordes of city people want to "retire" to the land without ever having been there in the first place, a dirty profit potential is created. This attracts hordes of real estate agents, retiring farmers, well-dressed,

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PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF SIMSBURY FARM



Modernizing our political system

Rule by referendum

BY JACK MCLELLAND

PRESIDENT, MCLELLAND AND STEWART

For several years I was an active and sometimes vocal economic nationalist. I have since withdrawn from that position. It has been suggested by some that I have lost interest or given up. Neither is true. I have become less active for several reasons. One is that I have a demanding full-time job as a book publisher. I feel that Canadian authors are the most effective force that we have in bringing this country together. They deserve all the help they can get.

I am now what might be described as a post-nationalist. I believe that the battle for economic independence and for Canada's future has been or is in the process of being won. Public opinion has shifted in the past six years and the majority of Canadians are now actively concerned about our independence as a nation. I give more credit for this shift to Lyndon Johnson, John Kennedy and other personalities to Richard Nixon than I do to the active nationalists among us.

The proper concern of a post-nationalist is the means by which nationalist objectives and the desire for economic independence can be implemented. The problem is whether or not Canada can achieve any real measure of economic independence or must we become increasingly a branch-plant resource base for the U.S.? Problems of every nation are now ceasing for a national energy policy. The recent federal-provincial conference didn't produce one. There's nothing new about this demand except that it is now coming from a lot more people because of some events. The Canadian nationalists have been calling for such a policy for a good many years. If we do develop one, it's unlikely to be acceptable to the U.S.

In this context both we and the Americans are victims of bad planning — and it is lack of planning that must concern all post-nationalists. First, we must determine what the facts are that stand in the way of economic independence.

The most compelling is the fact that it is demonstrably not the will of the economic elite of Canada for this country to be independent. This is because they have become as this dominated by U.S. not Canadian interests. Anyone who doesn't believe this simply doesn't want to face the facts. The same elite is the main source of electoral funds for all of Canada's political parties. Whether we like to accept it or not, money remains the single, most influential ingredient in our political process. National unity is the major prerequisite of economic independence and yet our whole system of federal-provincial relationships works as a deterrent to national unity. Competition between provinces and regions is rapidly eroding the strength of our federal government. The chief beneficiaries of this continuing battle is, of course, the U.S., which is primarily interested in the natural resources of our provinces and poised to deal directly with them. The current economic situa-

tion is extremely difficult for Canada. Canada is the biggest single market for U.S. exports. Canadian firms is the most important source of natural resources for the U.S.A. Whether it be pulp, paper, wood products from British Columbia and Quebec or oil from Alberta or nickel from Ontario. More than 50% of total exports from the Province of Ontario alone go into the U.S. market. Our economies are so closely interwoven that we have almost achieved de facto continental integration.

We must change our political system. Not usually, I am not an advocate of Communism, extreme forms of socialism nor do I advocate republicanism. I am not a radical. I do suggest, however, that it is essential for Canada to take a very considered look at the form of our government.

Take the federal election of 1972, for example. The subject of Canadian nationalism or economic independence was not an issue in that campaign. Pierre Trudeau himself — if you believe what he has said privately and what he wrote before he became a politician — supports economic independence. Now he is Prime Minister and more important, responsible for the fortunes of the Liberal Party, it is no longer seems practical for him to believe in economic independence.

He told me well before the election that he believed in the objectives of the Committee for an Independent Canada of which I was then chairman but that it was not the function of a political party to lead public opinion. He said that the C.I.C. could serve a very useful purpose by changing public attitude so that the government could adopt a strong policy line. Translated into practical terms this meant that funds for financing the Liberal Party would not be available if it actively opposed economic independence. It means too that the Liberal Party's essential base in Quebec would be weakened by a strong stand.

The Bennett mandate of October, 1970, presumably was a reaction to separation or to the possibility of secession. However it was also a mandate for a stronger provincial position in dealing with the federal power and a mandate for restoration of some American capital. While this may serve the purpose of those who financed Bennett's election, it is clearly not in the long-term interests of Canada.

Political parties are primarily concerned with reelection; they can't accomplish much unless they are in power. Nor can they do anything that will injure the interests of those who supply campaign money. In short, we have a system that allows for precious little interest in our future. We have a system that is leading us inevitably into total continental integration and complete dependence on the U.S.

Let me propose one radical solution. It seems to me that

the Senate of Canada could be turned into a useful body whose sole function could be to frame policies concerned with the future of Canada. To work, this would require a change not only in the appointment system to the Senate but a change in the terms of its function.

Senators should be appointed on the basis of individual expertise, not political patronage and the Senate should be given the authority to make use of the best available funds and the latest computer technology.

I believe the public should be given the right to approve or disapprove its policies by referendum before they're implemented by the House of Commons. The government would continue to run the country, but once elected its main function would be to implement the major long-term policies passed by the Senate and approved by the public of Canada. The degree to which approved policies were pursued would be a yardstick for judging the effectiveness of any particular government at the subsequent election.

It is typical of our unwieldy political system that no real improvement has been achieved in the technical aspects of voting and seat allocation in recent years. If it weren't for inflation and government patronage, surely we could experiment with new and economically tested frequently by storing our votes through computers. Plastic voter cards (like credit cards) inserted in machines would work accurately and quickly. Two-way cable voting systems are eminently feasible. There is no practical economic reason why eligible voters should not record their votes as often as they like on re-

quested just as there are no good reasons why our prime minister and provincial premiers should not meet once a week on closed circuit television.

Despite all the talk in recent years about nationalism and economic independence, Canada's situation remains unchanged. No country in the free world has a comparably high degree of foreign ownership, no country in the free world is selling control of its country at a comparable rate, and no country in the free world has such a total absence of legislation dealing with foreign investment within its borders. The public attitude has changed. Even the attitude of some members of our financial community has changed. Recently we have heard from three very distinguished Canadian bankers who state that the financial structure of Canada is capable of generating within Canada almost all the capital required for the development needs relating to oil and gas, exploration and pipelines over the next decade. An encouraging statement that wouldn't have been possible a few years ago.

But the overall situation remains unchanged. Unless drastic action is taken, the day is not far off when the President of the U.S. will meet direct ministers to Ottawa and our Prime Minister will have no choice but to obey.

This is the fourth in a new Maclean's series, *Solutions*, which aims to provide answers for the major issues that face Canadians today. Maclean's welcomes readers' suggestions for topics and experts to tackle them. Write us for accepted submissions. Address: Solutions, Maclean's Magazine, 480 University Avenue, Toronto M5W 1A7.



FACE TO FACE



I first met Margaret Laurence the way most people must must witness — as the dust jacket of a book. The book was *The Stone Angel* and the photograph on the back flap showed an austere, classically handsome face, with astonishing eyebrows and an expression that might best be described as "enchanting." My first reaction was "This is not someone I would ever want to get into a fight with." The combination of the photograph and the strength of the book itself was enough to strike terror into any young novelist, and within several years later I had a chance to meet the real Margaret Laurence — having meanwhile read her three subsequent works of fiction: *A Jest of God*, *A Bird in the House* and *The Fire-Dwellers* — I wasn't sure I wanted

to do this since she was almost a legendary figure. She is one of the few Canadians to have a novel made into a feature film: *Rueful Rueful* based on her novel *A Jest of God*. She had done for the Prairies and for a certain generation of Canadians what Mark Twain had done for Missouri and Minnie Cullinan for his own time. Like them, she was published and respected as a writer outside Canada as well as in it, and she was female. It would be too much like meeting a bulldozer.

After the first meeting it was clear to me that Margaret Laurence was no bulldozer. Nor was she the least bit interested in being a legendary figure; she was far too involved in the joys and despair of being human. Too many people

have said to me, "You don't look at all like your photos" and "I thought you would be taller." (Her later epilepsy makes me feel like the Incredible Shrinking Woman so I don't say either of them although I thought that.) But Margaret Laurence herself dispensed of the photo neatly: "I love that picture," she said, "because it doesn't look at all like me." Apparently she was not going to play Statue or Socrates! Write or narrate in any of the other temptations that beset a writer as successful as she is. She was not wearing flared robes or a multi-colored belt, nor did she have a long silver cigarette holder. She was not flamboyant, nor was she a mad scientist. In fact it was a little hard to believe that this warm, unpretentious woman

MARGARET LAURENCE, AS SEEN BY MARGARET ATWOOD, SECOND IN A MACLEAN'S SERIES

Margaret Laurence is the author of half a dozen critically hailed novels. Her latest — and, she claims, her last — is *The Diviners*, being published this month by McClelland and Stewart. She is a Governor General's Award winner and a Margaret Atwood, the author of two novels, several volumes of poetry and a recent, the best-selling study of Canadian literature.



dressed like a suburban housewife in slacks and slacks and with her hair back in a ponytail was a woman at all. Let alone the author of the enormously tough-minded books I knew her to be.

Second impression: an deceptive Margaret Laurence is warm and unpretentious. It's true — if you grow up in a small western town using old and pretentious you don't last long — but understand that she is quite a lot more like her photo than she'd care to offend to admit. She'll apologize for anything from the chicken's cough that sounds like the Spring of Mine Disaster to the beautiful much of words outside her cottage for her creative work habits, but the apologies are really a way of warning you not to bother trying to get her to do an-

thing she doesn't want to like going to work or stopping work. She isn't so further though most people's motives than they find comfortable which makes her a tricky politician. She's an intensely loyal friend but a formidable enemy and she is not a safe person to underestimate. With her hair down she does not look at all like a suburban housewife. She looks a lot more like an exotic Eskimo witch. Though she can be the master of tact and diplomacy saint or later — if the decades were worth it — she'll tell you what she really thinks and it won't always be pleasant. "I have this image of myself as a broken red," she says, "you know, absolutely weak, but I know that isn't true. Other people don't have to be protected from

my weaknesses; they have to be protected from my strengths."

When I first met her she was living in England (She and her husband had separated amicably and were subsequently divorced after 22 years of marriage). Her house was a rambling country village cottage outside London whose chief characteristics were its multitude of books and its membership to Canada House at the height of the tourist season. Young Canadians somehow made a home for her house and because of her love of people and conversation and the difficulty she had saying so she wound up running a cross between a hotel and an Ann Landis bureau. As a result she found herself doing most of her writing in the

(continued on page 43)

A readers' rating of Canada's mayors

WALTER STEWART

Mayor Rod Sykes of Calgary is the best mayor in Canada, and Leonard Jones of Moncton is the worst—at least according to the readers of *Maclean's*. Sykes, says the *Calgarians* who sent his praises, is concerned, intelligent, active, outgoing and "really cares about people". Jones, in the view of some of his fellow citizens, "gives the impression of caring very little for the general well-being of citizens in his city." There are some citizens, a handful of *Calgarians* who find Sykes overbearing and condescending (one reader suggested that "he is the only one in Canada who knows anything; if you don't believe it, just ask him"), some *Moncton* folk who find Jones confident and sincere ("he is sincere enough to hold the line against frequent visitors and unwelcome students on loan, especially from unqualified, dubious institutions") but, by and large, the readers who voted agreed about the merits of the one man and the shortcomings of the other.

These findings are the result of a survey which grew out of a half-page ad tucked into the back of the January issue of this magazine. The whole thing began innocently enough: we wanted to find out which municipal leaders in Canada were doing a good job, and which were not, and this campaign was to

VOTED "BEST": Rod Sykes of Calgary

do that seemed to be to ask our readers to pick the mayors they think are the "best" and the "worst" in the country, and to tell us why they feel that way.

Frankly, it is a project of this kind we were expecting perhaps a few dozen responses; after all, this was not a pleasant job: the readers had to clip out the ad, fill it in, add any pertinent information and send it off to us, paying for their own stamps. To our astonishment, we received 339 letters from across the land; some were handwritten, many were typed; some merely filled in the coupon, many added page after page of comment. We got nominations from every major city except St. John's, Newfoundland, which was surprising in view of the usual turbulent state of that city's politics, and from dozens of small towns, towns and villages. We even got one nomination from a Prairie town where the mayor was put up for the "worst" category because "he burned down my house," which seems a sound ground for outrage.

Before sorting through our letters, we decided we had to weigh the voting according to the size of the municipality. Obviously, 30 letters from the city of Toronto were not as significant as a similar space from Moncton. So we divided the popula-

VOTED "WORST": Leonard Jones of Moncton

tion of every city into the population of Moncton (121,400), our target city, to get a ratio, and then added that ratio backward to account for such factors as *Metropolis's* closeness to various areas. Then we sorted the letters and found that the ratios didn't matter a damn in the "best" mayor category; in absolute numbers, we got more letters (26) in picking Rod Sykes of Calgary than anyone else. In the "worst" category, we got more letters condemning Ross Drapac of Montreal (26), but Leonard Jones was a strong second (20) and, considering the disparity in size—Moncton has 26 times the population of Montreal—we had no hesitation in selecting the New Brunswick mayor as dual of the year.

There were other surprises for us, one of the most pleasant was the number of outstanding lady mayors we have in Canada. Jutta Bignell of London, Ontario, who was recently nominated by her workgroup as "most outstanding about us," led a strong contingent of women from such far-flung cities as Walla Walla, Ore., and Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. We even got one vote for Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa, who stopped being mayor there in 1964, but whose many obvious talents go on.

The qualities that drew admiration were nearly always the same: we like mayors who are approachable, who reflect concern about such issues as development and environmental control, and who answer their constituents with a responsive number of responses for "worst" mayor based on complaints that "he wouldn't even answer my letter", Art Phillips of Vancouver's citizens considered an okay guy, some like this saying: "The qualities that formed our readers' most admired, intelligent and a general feeling that some mayors simply don't care about anyone but themselves and their friends. There was a solid block of votes against Leonard Jones because of what *Metropolis's* readers saw as his inattention on the issue of language rights of French Canadians in a municipality which is 34% French speaking; city hall in Moncton is still in English.

Below, we are naming the two winning nominations that for Rod Sykes is Canada's "best" mayor, Ross Jones Wallace of Calgary, and that for Leonard Jones, as Canada's "worst," from Robert Thibault of Moncton. Chances for 125 have gone to each of the winners, with our congratulations.

In addition, however, we were so delighted with some of the other suggestions we noticed that we are going to print excerpts from them here, and chances have been sent to the authors of these letters too.

One of our favorites is a letter in praise of David Crombie of Toronto, from Joe Paul.

I think **ROD SYKES**, of **CALGARY** is the **best** **worst** mayor in Canada, because

he has consistently shown himself a man of strength, who can and does inform the citizens of the city of just what is taking place in City Hall.

Rod Sykes is, as I see him, a towering man, smart and aggressive. He held a high position in reality, is now in his second term, elected by a large majority, and will, in all probability, be elected for a third term in spite of bookburners. I have been in this province for 52 years, and have to admit that until Sykes came on the scene I knew very little of what local politics, other than tea parties. He has the intellectual fortitude to put the cards on top of the table for all to see, and stands firm, regardless of criticism.

JOHN WALLACE, CALGARY

"I think David Crombie of Toronto is the best mayor in Canada because any man whose height does not reach the level of a house is certainly not going to encourage the construction of houses enough to give a 10% increase."

Crombie drew a lot of praise for his attempts to control development in Toronto, but he also strikes people as extremely approachable. One letter from an anonymous defender, simply says: "He's young, progressive, he's past-the-looking, he's got all his guts, what more can you ask of a man?"

Victor Gauthier of Brandon was thanked for his leadership on conservation issues, but rated the worst of Douglas Ells because "he sold most of the city's snow-melting equipment to Buffalo approximately two years ago."

A mayor who was praised on rather narrow grounds in De Juan Torres, of Fredericton, Alberta, according to fellow-citizens Joseph Hodge. "He refused to let a huge city-owned firm take over the laundry facilities at the local hospital. He is therefore one of that rare breed of politician who prefers to do his dirty laundry at home."

Some readers were moved to protest, and Mayor Drapac brought the stick out as in Jean Meunier.

He gives the peace.

He hates the press.

He displays a strong opposition.

He others press spies.

And beyond protest.

Radicalism is far from the aged.

He loves expressways.

And highly sophisticated.

By business interests.

Grand-scale developer.

He's a real old smoothie —

We'll leave him alone.

While mourning the death of our city."

Henry Baker of Regina was another who set the peace just flowing, and Bill Barry, of Warren, Saskatchewan, "is diagnosed as Robinson" wrote him on stinging verses that read:

"For Baker is a Baker

Who refuses to be heard."

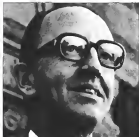
One happy result of the survey was that nearly twice as many people sent in nominations for "best" mayor (215) as for "worst" (120). Thus we got our 120th letter from a man who said do an awful lot of thinking, and who says that "no one in the 'best' category is in the 'worst'." It's enough to make a sharp give up politics. ☺

I think **LEONARD JONES** of **MONCTON** is the **best** **worst** mayor in Canada, because

since 1967 he has done his best to antagonize the French-speaking citizens of Moncton thus creating an atmosphere of tension and a situation of conflict between English and French. His narrow-mindedness and his aversion for those who don't belong to his own particular group make him a safety hazard for the city. At the rate things are going, Moncton might become another Ireland and the army may have to occupy the city as it did in the October crisis in Quebec.

For those who believe in the supremacy of the Whig may be held in high esteem, but for the white regains" who are being treated as sub-human he is the worst mayor Moncton could have at the time.

ROBERT THIBAUT, MONCTON



comment that the tumor satiates to the right side of the brain. The patient told the surgeon to "do whatever you want to do." At 12:50 p.m. the surgeon has finished and he tells the patient to move his right leg. Then the left one. Dr. Woonchang does so. Yuen is fine. At 1:40 p.m. the operation is complete. Dr. Woonchang thanks the surgeon.

At the Fukang Tuberculosis Research Institute, surgeons are performing chest surgery on patients who have been disoriented to pain with a single acupuncture needle. In the past seven years they've done over 700 operations, 90% of them successful, with acupuncture in the side position. In 20% of these operations a single needle was used.

Initially when the technique of acupuncture was being developed, 40 needles were used with four people manipulating them. The Fukang researchers found that some of the 40 acupuncture points had little effect. For chest surgery they selected the *sanjiao* (a point half way up the outer side of the forearm) and the *duimen* (on the inner side of the arm). The former is highly effective in reducing pain while the latter functions in a sedative. They concluded that, while in surgery the ratio (that is to eliminate pain, tranquillizing the patient) is also important.

If the history of acupuncture were nothing but success stories it would not be one of the fiercest medical controversies. There are numerous instances where acupuncture does not work. The following example of a 60-year-old woman who received 20 acupuncture treatments at the McMaster Medical Centre in Hamilton is a case in point. She was recruited as a patient due to a long history of rheumatoid arthritis with recent increase in the degree of joint pain.

"From a half mile about acupuncture it sounded great, it sounded as if there was no pain. All they had to do was stick you with big needles. And this was quite painful. But when you go it is and there is no altogether different again. As well as the needles, which proved to be painful when they were put in around my knees, around the bony parts of my wrist, and around the top of my hands, where there wasn't too much flesh, it was very, very sore, and after was something I didn't anticipate, as well as the needle therapy they suggested that I try methocarbonyl which consisted of burning with a lighted charcoal stick. Now whether this stick was supposed to produce an anesthetic feeling and that I was supposed to sit with pain, I don't know, but it didn't work. The burning was terribly painful. After 20 treatments the doctor asked me how I would feel about receiving more. I said 'Well, if 20 acupuncture are supposed to show an improvement in

how you feel then I couldn't truthfully say no to it.' I could quite truthfully say that I felt just about the same as I did before. But I am only sorry that acupuncture didn't help me. I fully expected that it might, and I am sure it will help others. I think the reason it didn't help me was because my arthritis was of such long standing."

Since we can't cure exactly how acupuncture works for who it doesn't, what it (also) is obvious that more research is required before we know what it is good for. At present there is a movement emerging amongst members of the Canadian medical establishment, which holds that acupuncture should not be approved for use until it has been thoroughly tested and scientifically accepted. Personally, I would give acupuncture a warmer welcome. If people can be helped by this technique, they should be at the first opportunity.

Regulation surrounding the practice of acupuncture in Canada are puzzling.



The trained acupuncturists have been forced underground. Unless a patient is fortunate enough to be accepted by a university research project, he must be treated in a clandestine atmosphere.

To resolve this problem, I believe that active-treatment hospitals should establish pain clinics. Trained acupuncturists would be able to operate very well in this setting.

A useful model for such a pain clinic is that operated by Dr. Wolfgang Sporell, Professor of Anesthesiology at the University of Western Ontario, who reported in January, 1973 that two out of three patients studied in the clinic were relieved of pain by acupuncture. It was particularly useful in alleviating chronic pain of neuralgia, low back and sciatic pain, and pain due to curvature of the spine. Of the 46 patients studied all but two had had pain for more than one year prior to treatment.

A report of the Canadian medical delegation to China during the spring of 1973 well undoubtedly serve to reduce suspicion and skepticism regarding acupuncture's validity. In this China report published in the July 21, 1975 issue of

the Canadian Medical Association Journal, the members wrote: "Unquestionably acupuncture anesthesia is effective for the provision of pain in a variety of surgical procedures. It is not some form of spiritual or hypnotic. It is the operation of the delegation that it is a medical procedure, that there is a place for it in the Canadian medical practice and that its study should be actively pursued."

During their visit, the delegates observed acupuncturists being used for the removal of a brain tumor, removal of thyroid tissue and removal of knee cartilage. They witnessed a Caesarian section, tonsillotomy and two open-heart surgical cases. What was most impressive was that the patients did not display any discomfort nor were there notable changes in the heart rate, respiratory rate or blood pressure during surgery.

The delegates had reservations regarding the use of acupuncture for treatment of specific diseases, such as acquired and congenital deafness, arthritis, muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy and other nervous system diseases. In fact, they recommended that acupuncture be made to train Canadian in the acupuncture techniques used, and while Prime Minister Trudeau was in China last fall arrangements were made for an exchange of Canadian and Chinese medical personnel.

So William Osler, the prodigiously talented Canadian physician, would have been delighted with the China report. He had used acupuncture successfully, and was a strong proponent of it. However, he too periodically experienced failure. Henry Canham, in his biography of Osler, described one critical disappointment. "One of these weaknesses, however, was such an important one that [Osler] was half to be made for it, and Osler [a student of Osler's] was disappointed in no manner, for the patient was none other than old Peter Fitzgibbon, the wealthy Montreal sugar refiner, who being on the Montreal General Hospital Board had hoped that the newly appointed physician might be able to cure him of an intractable lambolegia. He arrived exhausted after assuming the stairs, and in due course they proceeded to treat him by acupuncture. . . . At each job of a needle the old gentleman would be very pale, put out a string of cuffs, and in the end get up and hobbled out on the bottom of his pain. Due to Osler's great distress, for he had expected to give him immediate relief which as he said meant a million for McGill."

McGill did not get the million. But Osler remained a strong advocate of acupuncture. In the intervening years acupuncture techniques have been improved and refined. The acupuncture needle will replace the hypodermic needle. ☐

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- Sky-Way Plaza—Stoney Creek
- University Plaza—Oshawa
- St. King St. W—Oshawa

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SHOE STORES

FACE TO FACE (page 39)
summers in a small cabin on the shore of the Otonabee River near Peterborough which she bought four years ago. It's remote enough to be cut with a machete, it's not in a city centre, but her nervous, but it's close enough to other people so she doesn't feel too isolated (widowhood makes her nervous about the world as a person of focus but not Norman Belloc's, but of her house, and a 100-year-old house specially printed for her by her publisher and longtime friend Jack McClelland. Here she works five days a week (weekends are reserved for friends, but to be honest a day and more about a book is nearly finished) she writes by hand in a scribbler (she transcribes on a typewriter ("Learning to type" she says, "was the smartest thing I ever did").

What made her decide to become a writer? "I'd read most writers, she doesn't really know, though she felt from the age of seven — "as soon as I could write" — that she wanted to be a teller of stories." She never gave up the ambition, though like many Canadian writers of her generation she never thought she would make any money at it, much less earn a living.

She was born in 1915 in the small Manitoba town of Neepawa and grew up during the Depression, an experience which she says she shared and survived it well agree was what used to be called "character-building." She was 13 when the war broke out and remembers watching the parade in which the town's segment, composed of almost all of its young men, the older brothers of her friends, marched past off to the front. Though as one knew it, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders were on that way to the Battle of Dufferin where most of them were annihilated. This event means in one form or another in every one of her novels, making like a tragedy, instead through the loss of her character, "The last generation gap" she has said. "It haunts those both before the war and during both after it. To those born after it, it's a kind of myth. They have no way of knowing what it was like."

Longer and even deeper social background, and even deeper the fact that her mother died when she was four, she remembers her childhood as a not unhappy time. Though the household was dominated by an authoritarian grandfather who did not believe in education for women and denied it to her step-mother and though "hallucinations" was at that time a series of riddles it was also a household in which women were expected to be intelligent, by women that her aunt was Irish woman who had their own secret. So she did not grow up believing that women's work place was in the home.

Not did she grow up feeling her life continued on page 44

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erence. The men had a good library, which her stepmother helped to run, she made a point of entering all the recent Canadian fiction she could. That is as early as Lawrence had read such books. Since Rex's day for her had by then before they disappeared from view (to resurface only decades later in New Canadian Library paperbacks). She recalls this book in particular because it was about the *Frontier* during the Depression and was one of the first to show her that the stories she wanted to tell didn't have to be about Walter Scott legends in New York sophistication (She believes in paying debts as well as debts, and she paid hers to Ram by helping her person). MacLeod had published a collection of his short stories, *The Lamp At Noon*, for which she wrote the introduction.

Despite her grandfather she made it to university and graduated from Queen's College in Kingston in 1947 at the age of 21. She immediately went to work as a reporter for a paper called *The Winnipeg Globe*. This was a short-lived attempt at a cooperative daily, during the year it lasted she only saw reviews most of the books and she had a real job some every day, but covered the labor beat. "I didn't know a thing about labor when I started," she says. "But those union men were really terrific." She was involved at the same time with an intellectual circle she refers to as "the Winnipeg Old Left," comprised of CCF and CDP members and followers, a fact that may account for her political interests. The *Dividers* her most recent novel, is the only one that shows on the face of her experience.

She was married by the age of 21, and had two children. This was back in the Forties before Women's Lib new style was even heard of. Not only was she responsible for society, but she was also mother to the kids she expected of herself. "I always knew I wanted to be a writer," she says. "There was never any doubt in my mind about that. But for many years, when I first started writing seriously, I felt enormous guilt about taking the time for writing away from my family. My generation was brought up to believe you had to train the sheets."

Now that Women's Lib is with it she approaches the subject with a different kind of ease. "The 90s is a generation with Women's Lib. But I think we have to be careful here. For instance, I don't think enough attention has been paid to the problems men have and are going to have increasingly because of the changes taking place in women. Men have to be reconciled with the question of damage to them. There are our husbands, our sons, our lovers. We can't live without them, and we can't go to war against them. The change must become theirs as well." She disagrees

with feminists who state as a general principle that women should not have children, or that women who have their husbands should dump the children on them. "General principles," she says, "don't apply. People shouldn't feel confined to have children, but they shouldn't be compelled not to have them either. It's a normal human desire, and one felt not only by women."

How does she react to the fact that her own work is often taken to exemplify the Movement? "Of course I was writing about the situation of women, I was dealing with a lot of the stuff Women's Lib is talking about now. But at the time I was doing it I didn't realize how wide spread some of these feelings were. I used to be surprised when I got letters from women saying 'Right on.' My generation of women came to a lot of the same conclusions, but they did it as individuals, you weren't supposed to say these things out loud to question the assumption that the woman's only role was that of housewife. I don't believe



My mistress was a Canada

most housewives are happy just doing housework. Does scribbling mean full job?"

She claims that she never felt particularly "oppressed" as a woman writer at the time. But looking back at a she's less sure. Some male reviewers, she feels, have given her books usually biased reviews, and this was especially true of *The Fire-Driver*. "They found *Shirley* threatening. Maybe in *The Stone Angel* was an old woman she was too far removed from them and Rachel in *A Jest Of God* was a superior, you know, perhaps they didn't know to worry about her. She was a wife and mother and all that men and women had thought like her they just didn't want to know about them." These reviewers didn't claim the book was a bad book just say they didn't want to read. "You could turn up their heels and think Shirley is, 'Who doesn't she pull herself in?' There was a lack of perception about the reason that she couldn't."

Though there are some drawbacks to being a woman writer she feels they are better than women who choose a profession that demands time spent away from home. At least it is a physically pos-

sible for them to pursue their careers while raising children, though the emotional demands may be great. It can be harder, though. "There's something I feel strongly about, and that's the area of getting grants. There ought to be a different category for women who are writers and who need grants for housekeeping. Right now they won't give money for this. Male writers can get grants to take leave from their jobs, women can't. But housework is work."

While for her it is a key word and an honored one and writing is hard work emotionally as well as physically, when she's writing a book she feels she is "living" the characters, taking on the personality that is simultaneously conscious and unconscious. "I lead a double life," she says, "them and mine." But she emphasizes that the relationship between author and character is far from a simple one-to-one equation, most of the characters in her books are "lost."

This will be an especially important and difficult decision to keep in mind while reading her most recent novel, *The Dividers*. When she began to write and publish, Margaret Laurence chose a writing relatively remote from her own identity and origins: the Africa of *The Prophet's Camel Bell* and *The Salt Jordan*. With *The Stone Angel* she moved to her own locale, the Canadian Prairies and each of her subsequent novels—*Rachel*, *Shirley*, *Vernon*—was a step closer, in age, experience and interests, to something that might be identified by the reader to herself. The central character in *The Dividers* is, in fact, a woman writer in her forties who is living in an isolated farmhouse and writing a novel. "I know it's bloody difficult, it's one of the most difficult things to do," she says, "writing about a writer. But I had to. At first I had her in a pasture, but when she had to go to know about writing."

The *Dividers* which took her three years of writing time is a huge sticky notebook book, the kind writers produce at a swarming-up period in their careers, at the time when they feel they pull together threads, fragments of plots and characters from their previous books, but it approaches them from a new angle. Is it the result one of her important central concerns, the small Prairie town of Marburg, but it's also a woman's eye view. In her earlier books, we see the town through the eyes of characters who are more or less fully established on the town's carefully structured, social ladder—the daughter of a newspaper, the daughter of the undertaker, the granddaughter of a pillar of the community. These members of the respectable petite bourgeoisie are preoccupied with fears of exposure, especially self-exposure, of their concerns of their families of their well-kept secrets. The price of exposure

continued on page 48

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FACE TO FACE

as they well know, is a full off their par-
ticular ring of the ladder into a lower
one. But in *The Diviners* we experience
the town through the eyes of those who
are already at the bottom and have to
climb to fall.

The central character, Henry Grease,
has lost his parents as a young child and
has been adopted by the town "scav-
enger" or garbage collector, Christie,
and his fat, almost half-witted wife,
Pink. Christie himself has a paid deal of
room for those who make an issue of re-
spectability. Since he collects their gar-
bage, which includes the empty liquor
bottles and wanted food of the poor,
and is one man who is shorted child, he
knows that what is thrown out by the
back door often goes unacknowledged
at the front. He tries to assist Morag by
"killing" the garbage of his clients
much the way a farmer tells cards.
By far, however, Morag remains un-
assured. She spends her childhood dis-
tasting the shabbiness of her surround-
ings and the contribution of snobbish
contempt and smug pity visited on her
by the wider bourgeoisie. For her, as
for Lawrence's other heroines, Manit-
waka is a place that must be escaped
from, though the bus even more in-
evitable, and for her also it is a place that is
finally inescapable. She drops it with her
mother, her husband, as obsessively
in an attempt to find more else to
to who she really is.

As a young girl, however, her aim is to
get as far away from it as fast as pos-
sible, and she begins by fleeing to
university and pursuing her advanced
English professor. She becomes a writer of
culture and the respectability she has al-
ways craved. But life in the well-lau-
dered academic circles of Toronto be-
comes sterile for her, especially since it
is associated with the pettiness of her
husband, who takes to suppressing her
ambitions as a writer by attacking her
manuscripts, pointing out when she pro-
tests that he has a more advanced degree
in literature than she has and therefore
ought to know better. He also develops
the habit of asking her whether she has
been a good girl and waiting for the an-
swer, before he takes out her weekly ra-
tion of sex.

She escapes once more, this time into
a transient affair with Helen Tomerson, a
member of the only family in Manit-
waka that was less respectable than her.
The Tomersons are Métis descendants of
a man who fought with Riel at Batoche.
Julia Morag, Jules despises his immen-
sely family and desires a good he has
never known. After this, Morag escapes
still farther, with her illegitimate child by
Jules, she flies to England, then to Scot-
land, in a search for her "real" ancestors,
but still runs through a process of
chastisement the closer she discovers that
perhaps her real ancestral home is not

Scotland but Manitwaka, and that the
father she is searching for is not the dead
even the correct reminder, but Christie
himself, garbage collector, scur, and
father of mistakes. Both Morag and Jules
seem to accept their ancestors, the real
ones and the mythical ones also. Ironi-
cally, by the end of the book Morag's
daughter is going through the same
process, except that Morag herself is the
typical parent, irreproachable Christie the
misfortunate and surely successful myth.

The Diviners is a large and complex
book, an ordination of the town as well
as a collection of stories. It's about Cana-
da as well as Manitwaka. "about the
need to give shape to our own legends,
to remember what is really ours, what is
here." Paradoxically, *The Diviners* is it
once the most "international" of Law-
rence's books and the most national.
"They are not," she says, "nationally ex-
clusive."

Manitwaka's discovery and discovery are
paralleled to a certain extent by Margie-
ret Lawrence's own, although Lawrence
made them first. She devoted four years
ago that she was going to move back to
Canada permanently, and the only
things that kept her in England were the
need for her children to finish school
there and the necessity of disposing of
her house and making the practical ar-
rangements for the move. "Living in
England," she says, "convinced me that
my real place was in Canada. I was com-
ing from a Canadian background, this is
my spiritual home, and I kept having to
come back anyway. My real involve-
ments are here."

At the moment she's spending a term
at Trent University as Writer-in-Res-
idence, a job she finds exhausting but re-
warding. "I can't give public speeches
without a chair," she says. "If I stand up
my knees knock together. I mean liter-
ally." She's tonight a yellow-brick house
in Lakeside, perfect for her because it's
neither city nor wilderness, she'll move
into it at the end of the academic year.

What next? Does she have another
book planned? "No," she says, quite
positively. "I don't think I'll ever write
another novel. It's not because I don't
want to. I just have this knowledge, it's
sort of a Celtic second sight—I always
have had it about my books—and I just
don't think I will."

One of the characters in *The Diviners*
is an old man who is able to walk for
water with a diving rod. One day he
simply loses the ability. His comment is
that the gift was a gift in the first place,
not an inalienable possession, he was
gratified while it was there but he has
done not particularly sudden him.

This is the way Margaret Lawrence
feels about writing, about the prospect
that she may never start another novel.
"It isn't for her sake that we have to
start writing this time. It's for ours."



"So that's Triple Crown!"

Discover the whisky for the light drinker.



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affairs, strikes, union negotiations, industrial relations, the sort of stuff you read if it means something to you.

Almost always in the rare world of these news events, it was the English talking — the politicians, academic businessmen, union leaders — talking easily and confidently about class, the racism, the union men and women whose own voices seemed to come from too deep among their feelings to be lifted. They erupted in staccato from nose to face and then some editor would want to know what they were thinking. That was a noble notion, but it was a bit like

trying to cry on a field of wheat. There were too many voices. Better to get the word from an high and pure man.

One spring day I deserted for the office. It was a dull drizzling day in February which ended with our job in the foundry.

I had not meant to go so far when I first saw the ad in the Toronto Star. Factory labor it said: 160 pounds minimum. Experience not necessary. Rate \$3.34 an hour to visit. German qualifications bonus and overtime. Apply in person 9 a.m. Wednesday.

At least 150 men were looking for work. Many adolescents, great family

men, old bobbies just window shopping. About half were West Indians or Asians. They stood in small groups, talking among themselves and laughing high pitched laughs that you can see feel white and silky. As the lines doubled forward, even they grew quiet.

A student out for a summer job might have found the experience intriguing. It would have made for knowing, comfort in the perfect shop where the world of the people and the human condition. Ten years past that and you began to look more closely in your fellows in the cheap labor pool. On the application form, I had allowed to grade 11 education. I wondered if that would be too much or too little.

The next day, they called to ask if I wanted a job. I heard myself accept. Fifteen men had been picked, all of us between 25 and 35, all of us white. Perhaps there was more to learn.

"You know why you got a job there?"

"Because you're white."

"That's part of it. I guess."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"I don't know. Three or four months."

"Six months?"

"It's good experience."

"Six weeks would be good experience."

Six months, you'll be a walking lunch bucket grabbing about all the fruits at the CBC. Besides, I've heard about that place. The fumes there, they run your head green."

The casting shop was as big as an indoor hangar. It was divided into two sections, the Canadian side and the American side. The men with tenacity preferred to work the Canadian side. These foreigners were welcomed, only 2,000 people capacity, and they came in too many. But the noise was less expressive and they sometimes could talk while they waited for the metal to melt.

Among the shift foremen, led me past their Becking station. "Whistle-bell," he shouted. "It'll start you on the other side. That's where we want you."

Around the corner were the American-side furnaces, sticky and boudoiring to gas fumes. There were two levels of noise, the clatter of scrap metal advising along a shaker table into the melt and the jet noise of air coolers. A black man, bulky in his protective clothing, his head turned to avoid the heat, was reaching into one of the furnaces with a long ladle.

"This is [blatant]." Jersey shouted into our car. "He'll show you what to do."

Harold was to teach me how to pour metal. He knew more than he needed to know about alloy and told me more than I could remember. One of a handful of West Indians at the plant, he shared the most opinions about escalating union dues and the tax man's dues.

Continued on page 56



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As we go to press, the United States like much of the world, has a gasoline shortage. If you plan to drive, or fly-drive, this should be kept in mind. By the time you travel, we hope availability of gas will improve.

The supply of gasoline varies from state to state. In many, the supply is adequate. In others, there is a shortage. Be sure to seek up-to-date information on availability of gas in the area you plan to visit before your departure.

The American Automobile Association through Canadian auto clubs and the press will continue to provide valuable information on fuel availability for driving in the U.S.

Beginning in May, United States Travel Service advertising in Canada will contain useful fuel availability and transportation facts to assist you.

Remember, exciting vacations begin just across the border.

Legend of Storybook U.S.A.

Rip Van Winkle slept here. Page 1 U.S.

A driving adventure through New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

How a roof got shingled onto a Maine fog. Page 4 U.S.

A driving adventure through the New England States.

What Paul Bunyan did for a thirsty ox. Page 6 U.S.

A driving adventure through Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois.

Remember Tugboat Annie? Louisiana does. Page 9 U.S.

A driving adventure in the Deep South.

They still talk of Davy Crockett hereabouts. Page 12 U.S.

A driving adventure through Tennessee, Kentucky, and Alabama.

The Cat-Witch of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Page 15 U.S.

A driving adventure through Washington, D.C., and Virginia.

Blame all the apples in Ohio on Johnny Appleseed. Page 18 U.S.

A driving adventure through Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana.

How Joe Magarac melted himself for Pennsylvania. Page 20 U.S.

A driving adventure in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland.

This is more than just a tour guide for driving through the country. It's also a guide to the folklore, legends, customs and myths from which America grew.

It's a once-upon-a-time America your whole family will love. Come, see, hear the legends and the stories for yourselves. Take this guide along.

Simple maps are shown for each tour. More detailed state and regional road maps are available at service stations along the way for additional reference.

Visit a living storybook this summer. Come to the U.S.A. It's just next door.

Rip Van Winkle slept here.

A driving adventure through New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

Drive into Albany and you're in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains where old Rip slept away 30 years of his life. Nowadays the same mountains are the location for some of the most beautiful and

luxurious resorts in the world. And on the smaller roads you can still feel the peacefulness that let Rip oversleep so long.

If you follow the route map shown, you'll pass the **Finger Lakes**, so named because there are five and they are spread out like a hand. Stop now and then to look at the vistas and views from the high points. Or stay a day or so to enjoy the water-skiing, swimming, sailing and golf available at the many resorts and lodges.

Further south in **Watkins Glen** on State 14, you can watch fifteen waterfalls breathtakingly illuminated at night. And if you go in June, you can admire the thunder and the glory of the U.S. Road Racing Championships.

In **Elmira** which is right on your route on States 14 and 17, there's a fire engine plant, a sculpture museum, and Mark Twain's study where he wrote most of "Tom Sawyer".

From here you head east along State 17 through **Binghamton** to **Hancock**, where you take State 97, following the Delaware River Valley

southwest through the fringes of Mr. Van Winkle's Catskills once again. You'll soon arrive in **Narrowsburg**, where the main sight is Port Delaware, a replica of a typical stockade of the revolutionary era.

Continue on State 97 to **Port Jervis**, then follow U.S. 6 and the signs for **Bear Mountain**, where you take U.S. 9W



You'll find golf courses everywhere.

to **West Point**. The Military Academy at West Point sits on a cliff top overlooking a broad curve of the Hudson River.

Back on U.S. 6, continue across the bridge to the east bank of the Hudson, drive through **Peekskill**, then follow U.S. 202 through rolling hillsides, past antique shops and old houses into Connecticut.

Connecticut is the home of the Yankee Peddler—the once-upon-a-time travelling salesman who was so shrewd he could sell a wooden nutmeg for a real one. So if a Yankee Peddler steps out



Waterfall at Watkins Glen





If you've never been to Maine, you've never seen a fog like a Maine fog. Locals boast they're thick enough to drive a nail into. Maybe so. It was that kind of fog that kept a fisherman from fishing and gave him time to shingle his roof. When the job was done, he said to his wife, "Maggie, we sure have a long house." His wife went out to look and cried, "Why, Jack, you've shingled a roof right out onto the fog!" So maybe Maine folk aren't boasting all that much.

But before we tell you of the brighter side of Maine, let's go to the start of the tour of Northern New England in Vermont. Your first stop is **Burlington**, Vermont's largest city and gateway to the historic and beautiful Champlain region. Route 7 south will get you to **Shelburne**, a town of Early American buildings and the Thoreau house, the last side-wheeler on Lake Champlain. Continue through the green Vermont hills which make the state a

skier's paradise and a farmer's nightmare, till you reach **Proctor**, a famous marble quarry centre where you can see over 100 kinds of marble. Next, at Rutland, you enter Vermont's Green Mountain National Forest with 240,000 acres of gorgeous green scenery. In July and August it's worth a short drive southeast to **Brattleboro** for the Marlboro Festival which includes performances of Bach and Mozart. And one night before you turn in, treat your family to a true New England boiled dinner. To be really authentic it should be filling enough to eat without bread and should contain potatoes, beans, corned beef, squash, turnip, cabbage and a bag of Indian pudding.

Crossing into Massachusetts you can take Route 30 to **Sturbridge**. A trip to Old Sturbridge just a few miles away will let you visit a 19th century village with costumed craftsmen, working mills, crafts shops and a cosy inn.

In Boston, your next stop, many historical buildings are still standing and the streets are narrow and twisting so it's



Autumn in Vermont.

easier to do your sightseeing on foot or to take a tour bus. Make sure you cover the well-marked Freedom Trail from Boston Common to Faneuil Hall, King's Chapel and Paul Revere's House. There's plenty more to see too at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of Science, Hayden Planetarium, Beacon Hill and the Bunker Hill Monument. Hotels are plentiful and good; so are the restaurants. To be absolutely sure of both, reserve ahead. Driving north from Boston on State 1 and 1A you'll come to **Salem** where once upon a time the famous witch trials were held. And those found guilty of witchcraft were hanged. Today, at the Witches Museum, there is a fantastic sound and light performance that tells how the witch mania started and spread. Near the Witches Museum is The House of Seven Gables made famous in Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel.

Now you go northeast to **Glooucester**, a fishing village with boats from all over tucked into its harbour. It's a great place to enjoy a New England fish dinner.

Next stop is **Rockport**, a picturesque artists' colony and yacht harbour on the tip of Cape Ann.

Take scenic 133 to U.S. 1 north to get to **Portsmouth**, New Hampshire. This old town has lots of well-preserved

Captain's homes, some with little widow's walks circling the roof tops. Visit **Strawberry Bank** in Portsmouth. It's a cleverly restored New England maritime community.

Driving north into Maine you go through **York, Ogunquit and Kennebunkport**—resort areas with their own attractions, besides swimming and golf courses. In Ogunquit there's a fine summer theatre attracting top talent and a spectacular cliff-top walk.

Kennebunkport is so picturesque with its harbour



Wooden ship days, Kennebunkport, Maine.

bridge, and craft stores rising in with fishing gear and lobster pots that you won't be able to resist taking pictures or shopping. Even further north, you come to **Portland**,

Maine, perhaps the state's most cosmopolitan city. In its day Portland has been burned to the ground and the scene of an Indian massacre. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's home still stands, and can be visited, at 487 Congress Street.

Another coastal town is **Rockland** which is where the Maine Lobster Festival is held every August. Visitors are welcome to come and eat and stay a while.

Maine fishermen, you know, consider seagulls their guardians because the gulls' screams tell them where to fish, warn of approaching storms, sandbars and hidden rocks.

Continuing north you'll arrive in **Camden**, another classic fishing harbour with wind-jennies and schooners riding at anchor. Did you know the word "schooner" comes from the Indian word "schoon" meaning to speed or rush?

From Camden you travel to **Bar Harbor**, a former millionaire's resort on Mt. Desert Island. It's the jumping off point for the U.S.'s easternmost National Park, Acadia. Here you can hike, canoe or drive to the top of Mount Cadillac, the highest point on the Atlantic coast and be the first person in the U.S. to see the sun rise.

Heading northwest through the rugged Maine countryside, stop in **Bangor** en route to see a 31-foot Paul Bunyan, that mythical lumberman of giant proportions and even larger deeds. Then west on Route 2 to Gorham, south on Route 86 to Glen and then U.S. 302 to **Acushnet Falls and Crawford Notch** and **The Flume**, a chasm formed by mountain streams at Twin Mountains.



Harbour view, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

And you'll be on your way home, your head filled with the sights, stories and legends of Northern New England. But come hear them firsthand.

First of all, the ox was blue, which most oxen aren't. Second, it's name was Babe, which isn't surprising at all. Third, it was a big ox. Very big. Big enough to haul the mighty woodsman, Paul Bunyan, and his logs—and remember, Paul used average full-grown trees as toothpicks. They say that one day Babe got thirsty, or, shall we say, thirstier than usual. Paul dug a hole to find some water, and Babe adled up and drank it. That by itself wouldn't make much of a story, except that over the years the hole filled with water again, and today we call it Lake Michigan.

By the time you complete our tour, you'll have seen a lot of Paul and Babe's lake, and today we call it Lake Michigan. By the time you complete our tour, you'll have seen a lot of Paul and Babe's lake, and today we call it Lake Michigan. By the time you complete our tour, you'll have seen a lot of Paul and Babe's lake, and today we call it Lake Michigan.

North of Manistee, leave U.S. 31 and take the pretty State 22 to the D. H. Day State Park. State 109 will take you to **Glen Haven** where you can go riding dune buggies along, through, up and down 600-foot high Sleeping Bear Dune.

Now return on State 109 to the junction with State 72, then drive east to **Traverse City**. This is cherry-orchard country, and beautiful. Try to catch one of the two fruit festivals—The Blessing of the Blossoms in May, or the National Cherry Festival in fall.

Leave Traverse City by U.S. 31 and drive north

some jaw-breaking route, it's a reconstructed stockade and blockhouse, with domes to tell you its old and fascinating story.

Now take Interstate 75 across the graceful 5-mile Mackinac Bridge, one of the longest suspension bridges in the world. Now you're in the northern peninsula of Michigan, a totally separate, wild and beautiful portion of the state.

Another ferry ride will take you to **Mackinac Island**, and you'll love the quiet. No cars; you travel around the island by foot, bike, or horse-drawn carriage.

The Indians crowded this island sacred; it was here, or near

here, that a mythical Chippewa first brought his tribe their food staple, corn.

Interstate 75 now takes you to the Soo, as it is so well known on both sides of the border. Officially, the map says **Sault Ste. Marie**. Anyway, a boat will take you through its huge canal locks, or you can watch them from the Soo Tour Train.



Highways 38 and 125 lead you westward to **Tahquamenon Falls**, where two sets of falls plunge through virgin forest. The lower falls are the **Dark River of Longfellow's "Hawthorne"**.

Driving back along Lake Michigan (the routes are 117, 2, and 35), you'll soon enter Wisconsin, an old Wisconsin Indian word whose meaning is disputed. It unquestionably has something to do with water, of which Wisconsin has plenty. Some say it's "trucking channel," others "where the waters meet."

Green Bay is a good first stop in Wisconsin, along U.S. 41. It's both the oldest community in Wisconsin and the smallest "big-league" city in North America. Small, yes, but fervent. The strong spirit typified by celebrated coach Vince Lombardi still thrives in Green Bay, if you'd like to start a good friendly discussion, bring up football in any Green Bay tavern.

Before you leave Green Bay, visit the National Railroad Museum and its locomotives of another era. Then drive southwest on 41, leaving

cherry country and entering the dairy district around Lake Winnebago via **Oshkosh** and **Fond du Lac**, then by State 23, State 82, and State 13 to **Wisconsin Dells**. This is the name of both a village and a dramatic 15-mile stretch of the Wisconsin River. You can explore the cliffs and gorges by boat or plane. Or take a 20-minute ride on the **Riverside and Great Northern Scenic Railway**.

Now take U.S. 12 to **Baraboo**. Another museum, located here, will keep the children happy for hours. It's **Circus World**, presenting the complete history of the Big Top. U.S. 12 now heads for **Madison**, the state capital and home of the state university. You get a dramatic view of three lakes from the dome of the State Capitol, a beautiful white granite building in a 14-acre wooded park.

You now have a choice of routes to travel on to Chicago.



Michigan's upper peninsula

Interstate 94 goes via **Milwaukee**, Wisconsin's largest city and America's brewing capital. At the various breweries, tours are free and so is the beer. Milwaukee's County Zoo is one of the nation's best, and if you visit Milwaukee in

summer, catch an outdoor concert in Washington Park.

If you'd rather stay out in the country, U.S. 12 proceeds through **Lake Geneva**. It's a popular resort area, lined with summer houses, cottages, hotels and beaches and it houses an active stern-wheeler which you can ride any day, the "Lady of the Lake".

Whether you get there by way of Milwaukee or Lake Geneva, save plenty of time for **Chicago**. Park your car and take a bus tour. The Museum of Science and Industry has excellent displays to fascinate children and their parents. They'll also enjoy the Lincoln Park Zoo, and the Field Museum of Natural History, with over 300,000 exhibits. In the Shedd Aquarium, you'll find everything about the Loch Ness monster, and if they could find him, they'd probably have that.

From Chicago, you wish south and east through a corner of Indiana. Stop in at **Indiana Dunes State Park**, site of some of the lowest sand dunes in the world. You can swim, hike, and picnic on and around them.

From the dunes, you rejoin Interstate 94 and drive north to **Holland**. No, you're not lost. You did cross a state line (back to Michigan), but you might have entered a new country. Holland is surrounded by tulip fields (the Tulip Festival is in mid-May), a working windmill, and plenty of

recreational facilities for a general good time.

And next thing you know, U.S. 31 has brought you back to Muskegon. You've been all around Paul Bunyan's lake, and seen several pages from a storybook.

Drive north from Muskegon through the Ludington area with its magnificent sand dunes to **Manistee**, on U.S. 31. Here you'll find an opera house gang all the way back to the boom days. There's also a historical society located in an old waterworks. And breeding stables for fine Arabian horses.

to **Charlevoix**. There, for a change of pace, take a 3-hour ferry ride over to Beaver Island, the "Emerald Isle of Michigan". You'll find good beaches, a little fishing village, a lighthouse, and a convent.

Still further on 31, stop off at **Fort Michilimackinac**. Centre of a state park with the



Visit Michigan, U.S.A.

Almost all the pleasures of the U.S.A. are waiting for you just across the border.

Journey through the past at Greenfield Village. Enjoy lazy days of rest, sand and surf, always close to you in Michigan. Take a ferry to Mackinac Island where no cars are allowed. Explore the quaint villages that dot the state. Stand on the wind-

swept cliffs of Lake's pier. Ride the dunes along across miles and miles of sand at Sleeping Bear Dunes. Stroll through beautiful vine forests. Spend an evening watching a Broadway play at the grand theaters found in our cities. Dine at the restaurants serving international cuisine wherever you go in Michigan. Listen to Detroit's world-renowned

symphony orchestra. See the sights on wine and cheese tours. Visit the auto plants, art galleries and historic museums.

We'll have it in Michigan. And it's only half a day's drive from Toronto and a few hours more if you're further north. So come go over. Cruise the Great Lakes. See Marie, Sarnia or Windsor. See the U.S.A. in Michigan.

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Remember Tugboat Annie? Louisiana does. A driving adventure in the Deep South.



Her real name was Annie Christmas. She was six feet eight inches tall and weighed 250 pounds.

And she had a blonde, curled moustache. Once in a fit of impudence she towed a barge all the way from New Orleans to Natchez—a couple hundred miles up stream! She was a bully and could beat up any other on the river. Folks say she was burned at sea just the way she wanted. But though they say she left no real ghost, she still haunts memories and stories throughout the entire state of Louisiana.

Our storybook tour starts in Mobile, Alabama—a go-ahoid city in the Deep South. Named for an Indian tribe who lived there before the French came, Mobile still boasts the big mansions from the days when cotton was king.

Going south along State 163 you'll pass the oyster tongers and sailing regattas on Mobile Bay and come to a great sight of the Deep South—Bellingrath Gardens & Home. This is an elegant mansion filled with art, with a 750-acre garden featuring azaleas, camellias, magnolias and

avenues of trees draped with Spanish Moss.

After you've crossed the causeway to the resort, Dauphin Island, and spent a while on a beautiful beach, return to the mainland and continue to Bayou La Batre. If you're there the last Sunday in July, you can see the Blessing of the Fleet and shrimp boats dressed in more flags than a Christmas tree has tinsel. Afterwards there's a huge public picnic with shrimp, crab, flounder and watermelon.

On to U.S. 90 to take you across the Mississippi state line to Pascagoula. Here modern atomic seashore yards contrast with the Old Spanish Fort made out of crushed

oyster shells and limestone in 1871. Using fish shells to make things was a common habit, and folks used to shell mussels to make buttons.

U.S. 90 now becomes Beach Boulevard as you spin on your way to Biloxi, the resort town, with 27 miles of beaches, 8 golf courses and a Martineau.

Beach Boulevard goes back to being just plain U.S. 90 as it runs through Mississippi City, a resort famed as the site of the world's first heavy-weight boxing championship when John L. Sullivan beat Paddy Ryan in 1882. (Bare knuckles!) There are

good restaurants today, plus entertainment and an amusement park. Gulfport is a resort and banana port, with gulf-side brille



trails. The **Pass Christian** yacht club is one of the oldest in the country. And **Bay St. Louis** is a resort with more deep-sea fishing and a popular scuba-diving club.

Now continue west on U.S. 90 and cross over the bridge into Louisiana. In this historic state, legend tells as you'll hear old plantation ghost bells and every country road is haunted by someone or something.

First stop in Louisiana is **New Orleans**, a vacation in itself. This is the home of **Dixieland** jazz, the **Mardi Gras** carnival, superb restaurants and old decorative wrought-iron work on the buildings in the French Quarter or the **Vieux Carré**.

If you like jazz go to Preservation Hall or the New Orleans Jazz Museum on Bourbon Street. **Pete Fountain** has a place, and so does **Al Hirt**. And if you like to eat, there are dozens of great places, some with legends of their own. Enjoy **Oysters Rockefeller**—fillets-loppers on pearls.

You can take a ride through America's busiest harbour, eat the French doughnuts called "beignets", take a riverboat cruise, or just watch the activities around you.

West from New Orleans you go into **Acadiana**, named for Acadia, now Nova Scotia. The people here live along the bayous, in the fishing villages and on the shrimp boats. You can eat the biggest, freshest, most delicious shrimp here. Look for the houses built on stilts along the bayous and take in the strangely contrasting elegance of Spanish Moss drooping the trees.

Continuing on U.S. 90, the next stop is **Houma**, on the **Bayou Terrebonne**, a town of shrimpers and mudcat trappers which is surrounded by sugar cane fields. Houma, like

every town along the Coast, has its **Mardi Gras** celebration—plus a **Fishing Rodeo** in June and a **Tampani Rodeo** in July.

Morgan City, further west along your route, is another town for a large Shrimp Fleet and they have a **Festival Labor Day** weekend. When you get to **New Iberia** visit one of the most beautiful old plantation houses in the Deep South. Located on the Bayou Teche, it is called **Shadown-on-the-Teche** and is open to visitors.

A little side-trip from here on State 329 to **Avery Island** and you can visit **Jungle Gardens**—300-acres of tropical plants and aqrets, herons and cranes. Actually the **Gardens** is a salt dome covering a rock salt mine.

Back to New Iberia and State 31 north to **St. Martinville** where the **Evangeline** romance described by **Longfellow** took place. You can even see the tree where the lovers were reunited.

Continue on State 31 to **Breaux Bridge**. Then west on State 94 to U.S. 90 again, through **Lafayette** (a distinctive Cajun town, home of the University of Southwestern Louisiana and the **Evangeline Downs** thoroughbred and quarterhorse race track) to **Lake Charles**.

Lake Charles is both a lake and a town—a timber, oil, rubber, cattle, and rice town. There's fishing, hunting, swimming, boating, and water-skiing on nearby lakes. The water sports carnival known as **Contraband Days** takes place in late May and early June.

Go north from here through some more fascinating country, then through the **Kisatchie National Forest** to **Natchitoches**. It's the oldest settlement in the Louisiana Purchase Territory and has interesting old houses and plantations. Take U.S. 84 east across the Mississippi to Natchez. Founded by the French, surrendered to the British, and captured by the Spanish, **Natchez** is noted mostly for its gracious houses, beautiful oak trees, and flower-



Shrimp Garden, near Mobile, Alabama.

covered bluffs. U.S. 81 north will take you to **Vicksburg**, where the Mississippi meets the **Yazoo River**. Vicksburg is a typically southern town and was called the **Gibraltar of the Confederacy** because in 1863 it held siege for 47 days.

There are several interesting museums here, including one with a theatre, aboard a 70-year-old riverboat.

Now it's time to leave the Spanish Moss, the South, the rivers, the bayous and the ghosts to join U.S. 80 to Jackson, then U.S. 55 north and you're on your way back home.

Relax.



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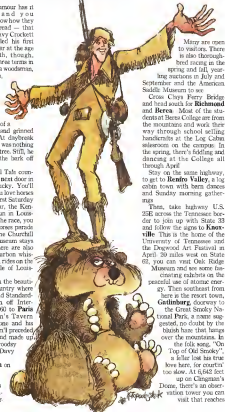
MISSISSIPPI

Rumour has it — and you know how they spread — that Davy Crockett killed his first bear at the age of three. In truth, though, Crockett served three terms in Congress and was a woodsman, a crack marksman, sharpshooter and political campaigner. He was also a braggart. One night he said, he tried to grin a raccoon right out of a tree. He grinned and grinned but no raccoon. At daybreak he saw his raccoon was nothing but a gnat in the tree. Still, he said, he grinned the bark off that.

Our tour of Tall Tale country actually starts next door in **Louisville, Kentucky**. You'll love this area if you love horses or racing. On the first Saturday of May every year, the Kentucky Derby is run in Louisville. If you miss the race, you can still see the horses parade in August. And the Churchill Downs Racing Museum stays open all year. There are also tours through bourbon whiskey distilleries and rides on the steamwheel "Belle of Louisville."

Now go through the beautiful Blue Grass country where Thoroughbreds and Standardbreds romp. Turn off Interstate 64 to U.S. 60 to **Paris** and visit Duncan's Tavern where Daniel Boone and his pals hung out. Don't precede Davy Crockett, and made up some of his own woody Tall Tales before Davy got a chance.

Near **Lexington** on U.S. 27 you'll run across the most famous stud farms — Colman, Spendthrift, Man O'War



Mary are open to visitors. There is also thoroughbred racing in the spring and fall, yearling auctions in July and September and the American Saddle Museum to see.

Cross Chaps Ferry Bridge and head south for **Richmond** and **Berea**. Most of the students at Berea College are from the mountains and work their way through school selling handicrafts at the Log Cabin saleroom on the campus. In the spring, there's folkling and dancing at the College all through April.

Stay on the same highway, to get to **Reelfoot Valley**, a log cabin town with barn dances and Sunday morning gatherings.

Then, take highway U.S. 25E across the Tennessee border to join up with State 33 and follow the signs to **Knoxville**. This is the home of the University of Tennessee and the Dogwood Art Festival in April. 20 miles west on State 62, you can visit Oak Ridge Museum and see some fascinating exhibits on the peaceful use of atomic energy.

Then southeast from here is the resort town, **Gatlinburg**, doorway to the Great Smoky National Park, a name suggested, no doubt by the lush haze that hangs over the mountains. In the folk song, "On Top of Old Smoky", a fellow lark has true love here, for courtin' too slow. At 6,642 feet up on Clingmans Dome, there's an observation tower you can visit that reaches



above the haze. And at **Cades Cove** there's a restored pioneer complex with fields, horse-stands, frame church and grist mill.

Pick up U.S. 64 at Maryville to get to **Chattanooga**, a city surrounded by mountains and the destination of the train in the song "Chattanooga Choo Choo". Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga is famous for the Civil War Battle remembered as the "Battle Above the Clouds".

Continue through stunning mountain scenery which will take you to Russell Cave National Monument. Here traces of inhabitants from 7,000 B.C. have been found by scientists. Return to U.S. 72 and drive to **Huntsville**. There's a modern part of the storybook here — the George C. Marshall Space Orientation Center, part of the NASA program, open to visitors.

Following U.S. 72A, you reach **Decatur** and **Tusculum**, where you can visit the

birthplace of Helen Keller and see "The Miracle Worker", a play based on her life.

Now travel back into Tennessee on U.S. 43 north, past the Davy Crockett State Park to **Nashville** and the home of country music. The city was founded on Christmas Day, 1779, and proudly houses a full scale replica of Athens' Parthenon. You can also visit the Country Music Hall of Fame, the Grand Ole Opry Radio Show and Opryland, U.S.A., an amusement park devoted to music.

Drive north from Nashville on I-65 and cross into Kentucky



Kentucky thoroughbreds

again. This is where Casey Jones was born, and made his train "Cannon Ball", a part of one of America's favorite folk songs.

Three miles below the little town of **Hodgenville**, you'll find the Abraham Lincoln Birthplace National Historic Site, and includes a drama describing the young Lincoln's travels through these parts.

U.S. I-65 leads to **Elizabethtown**, location of a large and notable old community home. It was built as a stagecoach inn, then later was the home of General George Armstrong

Custer, who became famous the hard way at the Sioux Indian battle of Little Big Horn.

From **Elizabethtown**, U.S. 62 east will bring you to **Bardonia** and **Federal Hill**, a 1796 mansion where Stephen Foster once stayed, and which inspired him to write "My Old Kentucky Home" (the song is the virtual anthem of the state, and serenades the winner of the Kentucky Derby every year). "The Stephen Foster Story" is performed on summer evenings in the amphitheatre next to Federal Hill.

Other Bardonia attractions include the Museum of Whiskey History, and a series of paintings in St. Joseph's Cathedral, which were donated by Louis Philippe of France who worshipped there when he was in exile.

For the sensation of feeling rich, drive along U.S. 31W and U.S. 60 just outside Elizabethtown past Fort Knox. Unfortunately, the highway is as close as you'll ever come to the \$3 billion dollars stored there.

Or if you prefer to take the route shown on the map from **Nashville** you follow SR to **Hodgenville**, Lincoln's birthplace, then west to **Elizabethtown**



The Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama and north to Louisville through 27 miles of Kentucky countryside and you've reached the end of this storybook tour.



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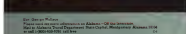
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The Cat-Witch of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

A driving adventure through Washington, D.C., and Virginia.

Ol Pol Gentry lived in the Rocky Fork of Wepp's Creek in a house full of holes. But Pol said, the holes let the wind in and the cat out. Folks around swore that Pol and her black, sleek green-eyed cat were one and the same. And if either crossed their paths, they'd snatch off their hats, spit ur'en, and clap'em back on to break the spell. One day Tillie Bockle made Pol mad. Tillie had a feeling she was going to pay for it. The very next morning, there was black cat scratching the life out of her prize pig. No amount of scolding scared it. So she let it smack between the eyes with a stone. Blood gushed out and the cat howled like a human. For days no one saw Ol Pol or her cat. Then one day Tillie saw Pol trying to avoid her, and sure enough, there was a gash in her forehead just like the cat's.



West front of the U.S. Capitol

But let's go to the beginning of our story tour which starts in former Maryland territory, long ago ceded to the Federal Government as part of the site of Washington, D.C. Most of the major buildings have a Greek-style architecture which gives the centre of Washington an elegant, stately look. Be sure not to miss the Capitol,

the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, the Jefferson Memorial and the Mall. For 10 cents you can ride to the top of the Washington Monument and see how beautifully laid out the city is with its parks and white buildings. (The ride now takes one easy minute, 85 years ago it was a rattly twelve minutes.) Visit at least some of the 7 buildings of the Smithsonian Institution, called "The Nation's Attic", and the National Gallery with its collection of Titians, Raphaels



and Vermeers. Try also to fit in at least one performance at the new John F. Kennedy Center for the performing arts and a boat trip down the Potomac. And at night you can enjoy the gaiety of night life in neighbouring Georgetown. Take U.S. 50 out of Washington to the Virginia hunt country. The state that was named by Queen Elizabeth I of England for herself, the Virgin Queen. Virginia is the real South, the hospitable South, where there is always room for one more in the smallest house or the poorest table. Drive to Front Royal and the Blue Ridge Mountains and ride south along the crest of the mountains on the Skyline Drive. A quarter of the way along take a side trip to the Luray Caverns. Here in spooky, dark caves a guide



will show you rock formations tuned to musical pitches—and play you a song. Some 20 miles east of the Drive, on I-64 at **Charlottesville**, you can visit Jefferson's home, "Monticello" and the University of Virginia which he designed.

Then follow I-64 west to **Staunton**, the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson. A more direct route (Rt. 340) to the Lundy Caverns from **Front Royal** is shown on the map. This route takes you to **Waynesboro** where you can pickup Rt. 250 to **Staunton**. Go south to **Lexington**. Here you can see the George C. Marshall Memorial Research Library with an electric map narrating events of World War II. Further south is the Natural Bridge, a 90-foot



Williamsburg, Virginia: The Governor's Mansion

thrust of limestone across a 215-foot deep gorge. Thomas Jefferson bought it for 20 shil-

lings; George Washington carved his initials on it, and you can still see them. Still going south, on U.S. 11 you'll come to **Roanoke** with its 2,000-foot Mill Mountains and then head east towards the **Appomattox**. At the Appomattox Court House National Historical Park you can visit McLean House where General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to General Ulysses Grant and ended the U.S. Civil War.

Further east, in **Richmond** go see the State Capitol, designed by Thomas Jefferson, and St. John's Church where Patrick Henry gave his "Give me liberty or give me death" speech. The Confederate Museum here can fill you in on the background of the Civil War; there is also the Edgar Allan Poe Museum, dedicated to the American writer of Gothic Horror Tales.

South on U.S. 60 you'll travel through the most richly historic area in the United States. **Colonial Williamsburg** is a remarkably authentic restoration of an 18th century city.

There is the Governor's Mansion with costumed hostesses and liveried attendants, a court house, and 85 old homes. Dine in one of the old taverns on Southern dishes like peanut soup, Virginia Baked Ham and peaches pie.

A short detour takes you to **Jamestown**, the first permanent English settlement in the

New World in 1607, only eight miles away. See the reconstructed Old James Fort and replicas of the boats which carried the colonizers over 13 years before the Mayflower at Jamestown Festival Park.

Now head toward the sea on U.S. 17. At **Newport News**, you can visit a fascinating Mariners' Museum (models, prints, paintings, and figureheads); then I-64 will lead you to **Norfolk** and the 100-acre floral wonderland, "Garden by the Sea". Route 60 will also take you from **Richmond** to **Norfolk** as shown on the map.

Follow U.S. 58 to **Virginia Beach** and 30 miles of Atlantic shoreline, two miles of boardwalk and eight miles of public beach. Then turn north to pass Cape Henry Lighthouse, the oldest in the U.S., to the



Virginia Beach

Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel. Considered an engineering feat, it goes over and under the bay for 17 miles and surfaces on Virginia's eastern shore, heading north.

From the Tunnel follow Rt. 13 to **Salisbury**, then on to the Naval Academy at **Annapolis** via Rt. 50. But come. See the sights and hear the stories and legends for yourself.

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WEST VIRGINIA



If you should happen to notice there are an awful lot of apples in Ohio and a generous number of apple orchards too, you can lay the juicy situation at the feet of Johnny Appleseed. His real name was John Chapman and as a young man he started wandering around the countryside scattering apples and planting orchards everywhere. He did this for 40 years, living only in a rough lean-to and wearing a coffee sack for a shirt and an upside down muslin hat.

He went barefoot until his feet were so tough he could walk on ice. And his adventures with forest fires, riding the rapids and even sleeping with a bear for warmth, made him a legend. In Ohio today, the last week in September is named Johnny Appleseed week.

Our story begins in Cincinnati, Ohio. Winston Churchill called it the most beautiful inland city in the United States. Take a look at it all at once from the observation deck on the 48-story

Carew Tower. Near the river, in Eden Park, go see the Cincinnati Art Museum and the local zoo where all the animals are kept in their natural habitat. At the Public Landing on the river, you'll find stern wheeler trips are available and a steamer, "Delta Queen," that makes 3-to-20 day cruises from Cincinnati on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to the town of some giant Daisyland jans. Now drive west on U.S. 50

through Hoosier National Forest to Leogotoes, then south on U.S. 231 to just beyond Dale to Lincoln State Park. There you'll find the preserved log cabin where Abe Lincoln grew up. Abe, you know, was a Hoosier. Everybody from Indiana is. Nobody knows where the name came from, but some guess one version is that it was the local response to a knock at the door. "Who's yer?"

Fifteen miles east of Dale is the village of Santa Claus. The name started as a joke, but it stuck and now besides a huge amusement park, there is a resident Santa Claus. Processing over 15 million letters to him annually is the town's largest industry. Going south on U.S. 231 you'll drive into Kentucky.

A few miles into the State, turn onto State 54 south and you'll see an extraordinary sight. Mammoth Cave National Park. Above ground there is a beautiful hardwood forest for camping, picnicking and hiking. Below ground, there are 150 miles of caverns. You can tour four miles of them and look in awe at some stalactite formations like Frozen Niagara. You can also have lunch underground in the Snowball Room or maybe catch sight of the cave's eyesless fish North from

there, U.S. 31E will take you to Bardstown and Federal Hill, the original Old Kentucky Home immortalized in song by Stephen Foster. Now follow the route shown on the map from Bardstown through the Blue Grass Country to Middletown. There take the Skyline Highway to the top of Pineville Mountain to see the famous Cumberland Gap—an early gateway to the American West and site of the Civil War battle. Turn onto U.S. 58 at the town of Cumberland and drive to Clinchport where the 1,540-foot National Tunnel goes right



Scene of Johnny's legacy.

through Powell's Mountain in to Virginia tobacco country. Follow U.S. 19 through the mountains and the Jefferson National Forest to West Virginia. This is such hilly country, natives say they plant their corn fields by standing on one hillside and shooting seeds from a shogun into the opposite hillside. That's what they say.

Near Bluefield, you can have a look at America's re-born coal industry. There's an exhibition mine at Pocahontas. Further northeast, on U.S. 60, you'll find White Sulphur Springs, home of America's first golf course and today's grand resort, the Greenbrier. (Sam Sneed's the pro.)

Stay on scenic route 60 through the V-shaped hills and valleys to Charleston. Farm-

ers claim their cattle have to be a special breed with shorter legs on one side to make hill-side grazing easier.

In Charleston, the capital of West Virginia, you can attend river speedboat races in October, or the Rhododendron Arts & Crafts Festival in June.

Continue on U.S. 60 to Huntington, on a loop of the Ohio, another city with a superb riverside location. The main attraction for visitors is glass-blowing. There are several factories producing decorative glass, and they all offer

demonstrations by professionally-trained craftsmen, some using early American techniques of glass-blowing. Huntington Galleries is a museum and craft center.

Now you recross the Ohio for the last time on this tour, join U.S. 52 and drive west along the looping river. This is one of the world's most beautiful river drives.

You pass through Ironton (terminus for the famous old-time pig-tron carrier, the Iron Railroad). Wayne National Forest, Greenup Locks and Dam Project (observation towers to watch barges being locked through), Portsmouth, where the real Eliza from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" escaped, and proceed to the Shawnee State Forest. Here you'll find a good variety of things to do: hill-climbing, camping or swimming, fishing, and boating in several pretty lakes.

Then on through Point Pleasant, where you can still visit the house where Civil War General U.S. Grant was born (April 27, 1822), and soon you'll be back in Cincinnati, where our storybook tour began.

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Joe was born inside an ore mountain. He grew to be 7-8 feet tall and was built of solid steel. He could stir cooking steel with his bare hands, squeeze out eight railroad rails at once from between his fingers, four to a hand. One day, Joe heard that they needed the finest steel to build a new mill. So he set in a ladle



with boiling steel and melted himself to help them out. He was made of finer steel than one from the mountain, he said. And he was too.

Well if you think Joe was extraordinary, wait until you see his Pennsylvania. It's as mixed up as a dog's breakfast and full of surprises. Let's start with the Poconos. **MT. POCONO** is the 2,131-foot peak of Big Pocono State Park which is full of lush resorts with facilities for every participant sport imaginable—plus auto racing in summer.

We'll come back to Pennsylvania a little later, but first follow our tour south to State 32 along the Delaware River to **Trenton**, New Jersey. Near here is Washington Crossing State Park, where the General surprised the British Forces on Christmas Day, 1776. You

can take I-195 and the Garden State Parkway right to **Atlantic City**, where you'll find a five-mile long boardwalk, rolling wicker chairs, concert halls, ballrooms, and the Miss America Pageant in September. Plus all the famous street names of the "Monopoly" game.

Continuing south on State 885, it might be fun to dawdle down through several more seaside resorts. Round the shores there is the ghost of a headless man, bewitched by Captain Kidd for attempting to thieve the common treasure. And guarding treasure hidden in the sands is a crew of ghostly sailors.

When you reach **Cape May** you'll find yourself in a resort that was very fashionable in the 19th century. Nowadays,

many of its fine mansions have been restored and it is one of New Jersey's most relaxed resorts. And here you can catch the ferry across the bay to Delaware.

South from **Lewes**, an old Dutch-settled town, you'll come to **Rehoboth Beach**, the oldest and most popular resort in Delaware.

As soon as you cross into Maryland, head westward across the peninsula to **Cambridge**, an old port, a few miles from the **Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge** and the nation's largest collection of water fowl. Make sure

you have a couple of good meals in this area; the oysters, clams, and crabs are superb.

Follow U.S. 50 across the **Chesapeake Bay Bridge to Annapolis**. Noted for its distinctive Georgian architecture, it was the first peace time capital of the United States. Now it is the home of the U.S. Naval Academy, where the midshipmen parade Wednesdays in spring and fall.

Skiing the coast on I-95, head for **Wilmington**. You can visit the beginnings of the nation's chemical industry at the Hagley Museum and see the original powder mill built in 1803 by Eleuthere Irenee du Pont. At the Winterthur Gardens, explore 60 beautiful acres filled with almost every flowering plant that grows in Delaware.

From Wilmington, take U.S. 13 north, and you're back in Pennsylvania. Now turn onto Interstate 95 and drive to The City of **Brotherly Love, Philadelphia**. A must is Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776 and where the first U.S. constitution was drafted. The Liberty Bell is on display here; it rang for the first time upon the signing of the Declaration with such power that it cracked itself.

You'll still find the colonial atmosphere here in **Society Hill** and **Elfreth's Alley**, but go see the modern Franklin Institute and walk

through the giant model of a human heart. When you've seen all you can, head west on U.S. 30 to Pennsylvania Dutch Country. Settled at the turn of the century by Amish, Mennonites, Dunkards and Moravians, it is now pastoral farm country where people still drive horse and buggies, wear



Maryland Sunset

plain old fashioned clothes, and shun all modern conveniences. It was Monvian monks who first twined a pretzel; today you can see how they're made at the Pretzel Museum in **Lancaster**. Roundabouts here you can also buy homemade delicacies like shoofly pie or sample the traditional seven sweets and seven sours of the Pennsylvania Dutch table.

From Lancaster you can tour local towns like **Ephrata, Hopewell, Bird-in-Hand** and **Intercourse**, with colorful names and hex signs on the barns to protect the farmers against witchcraft. And in nearby **Hershey** you can tour the chocolate factory that makes the delicious Hershey Chocolate bars.

Now cross the Susquehanna River and drive south on I-83 to **York** where you'll find the Carrer and Ives Gallery and the Weightlifters' Hall of Fame. Then west to **Gettysburg** where Abraham Lincoln gave his "Government of the

people, for the people, by the people" speech. The famous Civil War battle fought here is commemorated in a park of 16,000 acres where you can follow it day by day, battle by battle. There is also a cyclorama, an electric map and a war museum.

Moving on again take U.S. 30 to **McConnellsville** into the **Juniata Mountains**, and **Bedford** where you turn north onto State 36 to **Johnstown**. Here you can take a ride on an inclined plane railway up a 71% grade to a plateau 857 feet above the valley.

At **Ligonier**, and the fantasyland two miles beyond the town, return to U.S. 30 and head west to **Pittsburgh**. If you're there in early June, you can enjoy the varied events of the Three Rivers Arts Festival.

Permanent Pittsburgh points of interest include the **Henry Clay Frick Fine Arts Building**, the **Carnegie Institute Museum of Art**, the **Phipps Conservatory**, **Heinz Hall**, home of the Pittsburgh Symphony, the **Stephens Foster**



The Golden Triangle, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Memorial and the Civic Arena with the world's largest retractable dome.

A few more stops in Pennsylvania where there's something for everyone: from heroes to heroes and you're back in the Poconos where our story began and ends.



The final page of a Storybook

From Aesop through O. Henry, storytellers have always tried to pack a little extra punch into their final page. This book is no exception. We'd like to tell you a few extra good things about visiting the United States, in hopes that you will indeed decide to choose an adventure from Storybook U.S.A.

1. Shopping. America's big cities are particularly known as great places to buy great things, and they are. But don't forget the special little items from the country scene—Indian ceramics from Martha's Vineyard, silverware from colonial Williamsburg, household things from Pennsylvania Dutch country and Old Seabridge. Shop around; compare styles, colours, and prices. You'll find what you want. Remember, you can bring back to Canada \$25 in merchandise, duty-free, for every person in your party who has been outside Canada for 48 hours. Or if you stay in the U.S. 12 days, you may bring back \$100 worth. The first exemption is good every calendar quarter, the second once a year.

2. Food. It's varied, and it's good. You can eat French or Mexican, Indian or Czech, Polynesian or Italian. Better still, you can eat native U.S. cooking. Cape Cod Quahog Chowder, made from big, juicy quahog clams. Diamondback Terrapin Pie—a rich turtle stew, sometimes served with turtle eggs. Pennsylvania Dutch schmitz und knepp—small dumplings with dried

apples and ham. Every state has something special, and you could travel around for a couple of weeks without ever tasting a steak or hamburger. But that would be a pity too.

3. Accommodations. As in Canada, they're plentiful and good. You can, of course, pay \$25 for a city hotel room or \$30 for a well-kept campground. There are several new motel chains which specialize in good-value, "no-frills" rooms for as little as \$6 or \$8 a night. ("No-frills" might eliminate the swimming pool, but not the comfort.) Remember, too, that seasons make a difference; off-season travel can save you up to 50%. This is true for most rural stops (unless there's a local festival of some kind); but generally, cities do not have seasonal rates.

4. The same but different. A Canadian won't feel lost in the United States. The language is the same, the roads are similar, and a corner drugstore is a corner drugstore in both countries. Yet there is tremendous variety in the U.S., in the places, the people, the stories you'll find as you travel. We've told you a few; we hope you find many more on your own. Discovery is always the greatest fun.

And that's it. Come. Come visit Storybook U.S.A. We want you to have a vacation that you will talk about and remember, happily ever after.



should give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

"Most Canadians don't know how to work summer. Look at the European guys. The Germans and Poles—they know how to work. You can tell right off they're not Canadians."

"And the kids. The kids are the worst. Even my own son. Guess he makes me sick sometimes."

Various of the game are many. One of the more whoring ones could be called "Reproach Me Not." A game for men who have spent their lives on the run from economic hardship and want to trouble now. It's mainly grumpy-looking in married apprehension that a divorce is waiting.

Another game is called "Stealing Off For A Drink." More drinking, but no better for the health. Many men play it from time to time but only a few become real addicts.

Considering the going price for copper at the scrapyard, "Thief" hardly qualifies as a game although it does help to pass the time. There is talk of legendary figures who make it a pleasure to walk out of the place each day with a much overheard in they could carry in their back boxes or in carefully constructed vans.

But there are only so many diversions. What prices between men and run around for example, it is a game. The squabbles over the rules, the forfeits, might look like a game but the stakes are too high and the time of day too hot for a victory can only bring partial satisfaction. Competition at best for the knowledge that no one works in a factory if he has a reason able alternative.

Season or later a man will admit it himself that he is trapped. Perhaps it will start in a whisper "I told you so," in the ear of the owner who thought he believed would last forever. It may be learned in the form of a confession when the donor who has had to better off in a different job. It is never in a word of it. The man he talks to is a selfish and for the same money, it's true, or in the scrap metal. He will be fired from his little story that he has learned not to have his job but to live it.

"I'm broken," a man of 40 or so told me once a beer one night. "I've got a good home," great kids. My daughter was should see no daughter. But something is me is broken. Maybe it was the noise."

"A friend?" asked a man who had just signed 50 cents from me. "Nobody works in a factory!"
"Your record of employment," said the collector at the employment agency. "I think we'll put out money like he about a friend."

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HARD HAT content

"You men are all the same," protested a young lady who it beaded with liberation. "You worship hard hats because you think they're so tough."

"What can you say?" Their dissent is superficial, it marks the surface-been from the immigrant, the schooled from the unskilled.

You may claim when they ask what goes on in a foundry. How can you explain the daily expenditure of skill and effort and the peculiar feeling of atony in the handmaiden of a machine?

Gerry and his wife Dinore traveled me home last summer one night. We picked up some beer and we went to go to sleep. After dark, Dinore cooked a meal with lots of mashed potatoes and four vegetables, the meal a wedding reception caprice with his wife at home.

They were married in their mid-twenties and Dinore is still a shy woman. While we ate she told us of her shopping trip that day with their fifteen-year-old grandson. Gerry grumbled at how his woman spent his money and Dinore mentioned new clothes for school. The child stared steadily across the table at me.

Later, Gerry and I left Dinore with the dishes to go for a walk along the river near his apartment block.

"You'd almost think you weren't in the city," I said.

"One place we lived in when I was a kid," he answered. "The nearest town was 34 miles away. My old man said it was cheaper living in the bush because you couldn't spend any money. The only store we had was a truck. But used to come out once a week. We had thought it was a big deal to buy bubblegum and stuff for a party. Sometimes it couldn't get out so it was the winner."

"I really miss the country," I said. "When I was a kid I used to love to work on the farm in the summer. Don't you miss it?"

"Well, I don't know." Gerry said. "We've sort of got used to living here."

My goodbyes are quick and painless.

"You're leaving today?"

"Yeah, something just came through."

"Anything to get out of this place?"

"It's not here that bad."

"See you. Well, we see you around."

"See you."

A new fellow who has been working for my job moves up and the marks close. I take my steel-toed boots with me. I feel like my uniform belt is a dumb handle. Outside in the factory yard the sun is bright and I feel closer to it. I walk past the greenhouse to the street. This serene moment of escape will pass. I know that and turn back long enough to wish I could stay in the kind of courage I am leaving behind. ☐



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Royal Reserve.
By Corby.



HOCKEY ABROAD (from page 37)
at the door?" He began to wonder what had befallen his cherished game when he turned to answer a tag of his diary.

"You got a cigarette?" a flicker with comely hair asked.

"None."

"You got a match, then? I can get a cigarette elsewhere."

"What the hell you want with a cigarette?" Kirby demanded. "You aren't even old enough to smoke."

"I am, too. Old enough to smoke and old enough to screw."

The parents had their moments, as well. During a free afternoon I walked from the hotel to the centre of town, passing a tobacco store that also sold pornography. A familiar man inside, buying cigars, cigarettes, beer and "Oh yes, one of those magazines, please and thank you." Meekly I returned to the hotel, by chance passing his wife and another member of the staff. "I just don't understand what got into him," she was saying. "He's been in that workshop for nearly two hours."

They suffered the same culture shock in my middle-class, middle-aged Canadian world as Sweden. It was far more curious but not harsher. It was somewhere of a link-but-don't-touch attitude, and they consciously set out to ensure that Sweden would retain nothing but the best moments of Samma. They presented every child in the Genshildsvik arena with a Samma badge. In the morning they escorted the Swedish parents who were bulleting the Samma business back to the hotel for goodwill and good rye (gallons and gallons of which had been picked up at the Toronto duty-free shop) and a considerable gain between a pulp and paper town in Sweden and a petroleum town in Canada. It was a tax, for joy from the mood in September, 1972, when Team Canada played two exhibition games in Stockholm and the nickname "Canadian animal" was born. But at this time the nickname seemed far away. The Samma boys were playing good hockey, clean hockey, and the adults were behaving at proper games. No one would have believed that the very next evening the nickname would be revived.

"This is so refreshing," Fritz Ryland, one of the McDo Cup organizers, told me. "We like to think Canadians are like these people from Samma, and we like to see hockey played the way they play it, particularly Dano, goals and with class."

He was speaking to me at a banquet thrown by the McDo pulp and paper company. For the entire night before, the tournament finals, which it was learned that Samma would be meeting the winner of group "D" in the semi-finals, a team called Kurma Alls, which had somehow (included) a more unique.

(continued on page 60)



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Last tango in Tahiti

Pierre Trudeau came to call, Marlon Brando came to stay. How about you?

BY TOM SLOAN

When I told my friends I was planning a trip to Tahiti they responded with unambiguous caution: "You lucky dog!" But wasn't so sure. The trouble was actually going to Tahiti is that you're talking with a dream, and there's a good chance you may wake up and lose it altogether.

But a man can be driven by a dream, and for me Tahiti was the elusive South Pacific island paradise. It was inevitable that I would go there eventually. Fed by the tales of Somerset Maugham, lured by the paintings of Paul Gauguin, lured by the legend established by generations of sailors, and the modern legend established by Marlon Brando who, after securing the world for a "place away from it all," came here to live. I saw the island of Tahiti as something between Paganhead and the Land of Oz, where magic could happen if I would let it. I remembered that should Tahiti turn out to be a quibbly little island of stilted culture and bad teeth, why then it's paid to confront our fantasies, if only to get rid of them.

And that is how I found myself one day last summer crisscrossed in a boat on the beach swimming with a last boatload with a white-haired, wavy-headed old man who alternated between breaking into song and weeping — perhaps from the

simple ecstasy of singing, who knows? — and singing again. One of his grandsons had worked at me and forecast the sequence of behavior from the old man, and that is the way it happened. He was the leader of eight or nine boys and men returning from a day's fishing, and most of them were his sons or grandsons, and they made a happy group.

There are a number of ways of traveling along the 45-mile road that encircles the main island of Tahiti. One can take a taxi (staggeringly expensive) or one can rent a car or motorcycle (convenient, if you can cope with Tahitian drivers) or bicycle (they are available despite the domain of a hopeless news information office) or one can walk (which is a good way to get to know the dogs and chickens that roam everywhere), but by far the best way to travel — as long as you rent a taxi (which must be so or you wouldn't want to enter to Tahiti in the first place) — is to take the boat, which is the Tahitian equivalent of public transportation.

I don't know how many boats there are on the island but there are a lot. They are rudimentary, low-decked boats in which only a single or small child can stand up without crushing his head. They are privately owned, often family affairs

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A mover is a mover is a mover. Right?

Wrong.



We got together to make moving better.

HOCKEY ABRAD continued
have scored 27 goals in three games compared to Sarina's 17. But Kernen had another ring to it, the Sarina people had heard about it in the papers. This tiny Swedish team, so far outside the Arctic Circle as to render daylight to the sun summer months, had somehow produced a hockey player! the editor of *Boysen* Salazar, the Irishman took defense of the Toronto Maple Leafs. The fact that a Kernen avenue had rushed the NHL, gave the human team credibility in Sarina eyes, and they were sure allied.

Early next morning, Sarina entered the arena like warlike gladiators. Playmen coaches, trainer, manager, team officials, with only a few exceptions, wore the team uniforms. Blue V-neck sweaters over white turtlenecks, blue checkered pants slightly flared, dark shoes, bulky arcing jackets, blue with cross-wide strip along each arm, were cast over the rest. Blue haversacks, Kernen arrived in the same time, mostly in their blue jeans, long hair and jackets, come with their patchwork equipment.

The Sarina fathers passed out cigars as Kernen's forward up. They remembered last night's rough game, with its warnings against Kernen's defenseless. Lars Karlsson and forwards Mikael Anderson and legendary Torne. They remembered and they laughed. Lars Karlsson stood five-feet three-inches, weighed up pounds had a baby face dimples, those blood hair and all his teeth. Worse yet, to ward off a cold, he was wearing a scarf. The day.

The pack was dropped. Anderson was the face-off, released it back to Kernen who hit Torne on the fly as he deked around his check, then back to Anderson coming up behind for a good shot on goal. The few times Sarina played control of the puck they were stymied by Kernen, the tiny defenseman who had been born with the gift of anticipation. Poke-checking, intercepting passes, during his check off the puck, clearing scratches out of the crease—he was a word for a word. As for Anderson, he was beyond anything Sarina had ever contended with, a better stickhandler and probably faster than any two Sarina players combined. Working with his wingman Torne, he made the score 3-0 for Kernen with less than a minute to go. Sarina got one back, but much too late. The Sarina bullpen had burst, the Kernen bullpen was roaring.

The Idaho City was decided late in the afternoon, leaving only the presentation of the individual awards to close out the tournament. These were obvious Kernen's Mikael Anderson (for best forward) and Lars Karlsson (for best defenseman), and Sarina's Gary Spindlow (for best goaltender). But a fourth was produced, a small suspense coming of its own, and it was presented in a cup-

continued on page 64

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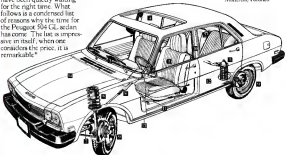
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freed moment to Dino Ciccarelli. As he accepted it, Fritz Wylland, the tournament organizer, laid the crowd jumped onto the ice, came over to Dino and scrambled them into a pile with a flock of his hand.

"What's this for?" Ciccarelli demanded.

"Because you Dino we like the best!" Fritz answered.

"You were the last player in the tournament, because?"

And he threw his arms around the little center, pulling him close and laughing.

Fritz embraced Dino as he sat or so before supper on that last day in Örnsköldsvik. An hour or so after supper, the Canadians from Sarona most visible to look the Swedes from Örnsköldsvik straight in the eye. On the evening of the same day that Dino received his odd little award, Canadian skaters were seen to crowd the road show of blood that has become the Canadian hockey leagues around St. Boniface, Manitoba.

A Winnipeg senior team billed as the second-best in Canada, just behind the Orillia Terriers, came to play the McDo team in one round of the Exploit Cup, a major European tournament. The Sarona people turned out to support the Mohawks, as was their duty as Canadian citizens. All were present at game's start, perhaps as we were there by game's end. The non-dwelling Winnipeg players and the hapless McDo came in first easily defeated, and congratulations in the Swedish newspapers with their post-Pravda buzz, hockey sandwich tellers, hockey news and front pages. Congratulations hockey fans.

"Hey baby, you want a drink?" the Mohawks haugen-on yelled to the Swedes who were warming up. "We're gonna take you but good! Cheers Sweden Day!"

"No, Mohawks, go!" screamed the Sarona crowd as the puck was dropped. St. Boniface, however, had no go to them; they were hopelessly outshined. Lake ballers danced at a win's hall. The McDo team collapsed, unassisted, clutching and finally transported over the slushy Mohawks.

Early in the first period a McDo player fell, spurring blood to the ice, four north skidding toward the boards. The whistles blew and Mohawk captain Gerry Kennerman was regarded for a moment. A Mohawk fell, the concerned circle that had formed around the fallen Sarona and returned to the bench. "The goddamn unscrupulous hit his tongue after he fell so the ref'd see blood." He told the coach "We've never been touched here."

Compared to left winger Wayne Bell, however, Sarona was mostly a side attraction. Bell, a chompy and scarily poor man's Wayne Coleman in the third period, evaded a shot with an elbow cross-checked a male fan, bat-wounded a

woman, dangled another's ankles and appeared to conquer McDo in the lower half, sending him scurrying to the ice clutching desperately at the debris. A hockey arena, Bell looked puzzled when the referee pointed to him. "What for, ref?" he demanded. "Didn't you see him trip me earlier?" Jesus Christ, ref? Open your eyes!"

By the time the crowd of 600 or so began their chant, "Go home Canada!"

Go home Canada, Timbaleto! Timbaleto!

"There were, fortunately very few Sarona people still in the stands. All for the Swedes who sat with the Sarona. They must have found it most confusing. For three days they had seen the young Sarona from Canada play good hockey without a single incident. They had met and liked and even drank with the parents of these bastards, looking their congenial and polite. And yet here were other Canadians, the Mohawks, playing dreadful hockey and dirty hockey which saw 77 minutes on penalties handed out — a 1971 record

for all Sweden. "Canadian enemies" the Swedes yelled.

"But it wasn't our players' fault!" George Allard, secretary-manager of the Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association, told me later. "We were told to play more aggressively. The Swedish Ice Hockey Federation and the crowd weren't running out because we played too easily."

The having a game might have been more accurate. The great chairman of the Swedish Ice Hockey Federation (SIHF) is that it is an exchange program worked out with the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association and the CIAHA, and to say just no longer has some under an impression that can play up to the Swedish culture. First division senior hockey in Sweden is probably the caliber of the American Hockey League and the lower ranks of the World Hockey Association. Mohawks were entered by SIHF to play tougher — or dirtier — for reasons that are purely financial. They obviously felt Mohawks billed as a winning match would be infinitely more interesting than Mohawks billed as a hockey match. The CIAHA-SIHF agreement re-

quires that Sweden pick up the tab when Canadian teams visit, and the undivided clubs — like McDo — hope to turn a profit on the crowds the Canadian hockey draws. That day in Örnsköldsvik, almost as many people watched the Sarona bastards defeat Sarona as saw Mohawks perform surgery on McDo (while losing 6-1) and those who saw the bastards play saw better hockey.

Mohawks cost SIHF 60,000 Swedish kroner (\$12,000) for five games, none of which they won. The Sarona bastards cost SIHF nothing. In all, Sarona played seven games, losing only the first. The \$12,000 cost to get the team over came in large part from Philco Ford of Canada (\$8,000) and the Ontario government (\$1,000). The remaining \$3,000 was raised by the team, a national television was raffled off, a dance and party brought in a pop bottle drive brought in \$200.

But if the St. Boniface Mohawks cost SIHF money, they cost the Sarona people something far more valuable — friends. Next morning, as the bus was loaded to take the Sarona crowd south to Stockholm, there were very few Örnsköldsvik people present. Fritz was there to wish Dino luck, and a few flicker turned out to wave farewell to their new puppy love, virginity still intact and the remnants come to skate back. That's all.

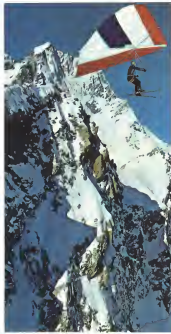
The weather was even bleaker in Stockholm, a sun-bat faggy and damp.

The bastards played one exhibition game in Stockholm, which they won handsily, but the kids' hockey had already been relegated to a new position of importance, far, far behind the two predominant forces in Stockholm that first week of January — the Canadian discovery of pornography and the new social consciousness of Canadian integrity in immaterial hockey.

Clarence Cranston, an 80-year-old year or older in the Sarona Premieres Club, was the only unfortunate victim of the first force. His trip to Sweden was in many ways the reward for a quarter century of distinguished devotion to Sarona senior hockey. A non-smoker who never smokes, Clarence also told me, "I guess I'd do better, I guess smokes these lips." Early in bed early in me, Clarence Cranston avoided the hospital. But one fatal night he was restless, couldn't drop off so he left his room, walked down to the lobby out to the great and forced night. But he got left and entered by SIHF to play tougher — or dirtier — for reasons that are purely financial. They obviously felt Mohawks billed as a winning match would be infinitely more interesting than Mohawks billed as a hockey match. The CIAHA-SIHF agreement re-

continued on page 66

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."



"With 15 feet of and as my wings— I, a rather jittery Jeff Jole from Seattle—was ready to conquer the sky. Altitude: 1800 feet on New Zealand's

Glacier Dome. Much to help me onto my kite harness. And soon I was soaring toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet in a perfect glide, when an icy blast rocked the ledge. And suddenly, I was airborne for my life with a deadly downdraft.



"With some wild maneuvering and miraculously luck, I escaped into smooth air. As I landed, I grimly reconsidered the first rule of kiting: never fly higher than you'd like to fall.



"The evening at The Harcourt Hotel, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It was a warm embrace, my good welcome you. More people appreciate its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club— "The Best In The House" is at hand.


Canadian Club is 100% Red and bottled in Walkers by Heur Weller & Sons Limited.

stilyly disgusted. "I know I've been out of touch," he told me later, "but I had no idea things had gotten that bad."

Had Dick Robinson decided to take in *Dance Troupes* Friday afternoon, he would have discovered a good portion of his good time hanging some new fundamentals. The Carleton Hotel was located close to some of Stockholm's porno action; the more window one drew had mothers working over an obsession of whips, chains, stanchions and portions of civil war, while attaching clothes pins to unusual parts of female bodies. Several of the Swedes men burst in one evening from a live sex show. "I envisioned that some couple does sex scenes in different parts of the city," said one. Then there was the Canadian (not a Swede parent) who woke up one morning in a strange bedroom to find that his Swedish date had pressed the right pushing buttons of wireless between over his body.

It wasn't only the sex that had Swedes spazzing. When the bus was readying to take the parents to the exhibition match, a bearded freak dashed up the steps and down the aisle. "Listen to me!" he screamed. "America will be destroyed in 40 days! Kishouk is the sign! America will be destroyed in 40 days!"

Better it had been Canada, after what took place later that night. Rapids Falls,

the supposed second-best junior team in Canada, were playing Djurgården at the Alvarado Cup. Naturally, they were suffering another embarrassing defeat. Coach Bob Turner, in a moment that is best described as "hysteria," protested a referee's call by throwing a player's stick at the official. But the worst was yet to come. Harold Jones, president of the Saskatchewan Minor Hockey Association, had a few things to say and unfortunately he said them to the Swedish press. "It's one thing that a referee is poor," he was quoted as saying, "but one that he is dishonest. We Canadians are treated unfairly. I understand that Turner didn't want to be had to do. And I understand that he broke off all relations with Sweden."

"That's foolish," Jack Church, second secretary of the Canadian Embassy in Stockholm, told me the next day. "I just don't understand why Canadians think they have to spill blood as soon as they get to Sweden. They find they can't skate with the Swedes or handle the puck as well, so they turn to violence. That's no solution. If we're ever going to change this, we're going to have to send teams of equivalent calibre over teams that can play up to the level of the Swedes."

Ambassador Harry Jay concurred. "It's a cultural exchange and of you

don't send your best you won't satisfy the people. You wouldn't send a poor player over now, would you?"

That night was the wind-up of the Series tour of Sweden. The kids had but one chance to lose their virginity and a farewell dance held for them at a local youth club had all the ingredients: music, girls, soft lights, a chance to break out the eggs with the coach absent. But there was one problem: only a couple of the Swedes knew how to dance before, and most to stand apart, they weren't about to dance their late mates. They sat and they talked. The young Swedish players danced alone and waited. One, a young 1974 model of a 1964 Jean Russell, skipped the light fandango, up and down the floor directly in front of the Swedes boys, humping, grinding, twanging her hair and twanging the buttons, during them to get up and risk a chance. No takers.

Later in the evening, when the disc jockey put on *The Twits*, I happened to be sitting beside young Cochrane. "That's an old one, eh Dad?" I commented.

"Never heard it before," he answered.

The Twits hit Canada in 1961. The first year of Dino's life. The last year of a CCHA team, the Trail Smoke Eaters, won the world hockey championship.

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How do they make
Maraca Rum so light?

ACUPUNCTURE GAULT

In Toronto where some 14 doctors are practicing acupuncture — at no charge because the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons prohibits charging on the "experimental" procedure — patients are looking three and four months in advance.

And these are patients generally speaking, who have gone the whole route with official Western medicine, from doctor to specialist to clinic to hospital. Newspapers and friends have told them of the sometimes instant relief people are getting from chronic conditions, and they, naturally, desperately want acupuncture for themselves. It has proven to be as effective treatment for sciatica, arthritis, rheumatism, asthma, high blood pressure, migraine headaches, hiccups, some colds and flu, menstrual cramps, asthma, hay fever and even emphysema. Hoag Kong Dr. Wen Hsing-ai, a graduate of the University of Toronto about 20 years ago, has discovered that acupuncture can be used to treat the withdrawal symptoms from opiate addiction. Others are curing some success with small, moderately sophisticated machines (passing an enough current to follow the drawing of needles) in the treatment of alcoholism, schizophrenia, glaucoma, peptic ulcer, and even some cancer.

In some cases the results of the needling are swift and dramatic in terms of cure or relief; in others there is a long process of therapy involved; some don't respond at all but sit in and the results have been gratifying to attending.

Take Fred Worsley, a regional quality control manager with the Canada Post Office. About four years ago he developed trigeminal neuralgia (occasionally called as *shotgun* or *parietal* too) on the left side of his face. The disease stems from the trigeminal nerve somehow being in protective sheath and rubbing against the facial bones. Fred Worsley described the attacks as akin to having your face slashed open by a razor to a depth of about half an inch. When the attacks came lasting from 30 to 60 seconds over a period of an hour he could do nothing but clutch at his head was involuntarily slumped about in spasms. For three years he took daily doses of a major analgesic up to ten pills a day, and even then the attacks came — not as often but just as fiercely when they did. After one such attack he told his doctor he wanted the trigeminal nerve cut, which would paralyze one side of his face and make not work. But it was the only medical answer left. But about that time his chiropractor, Leroy Horne, had completed a course in acupuncture in the U.S. and he offered to try it on Fred Worsley. It worked immediately. Oh, he still has the sensation of pain when he touches certain parts of his face and he's even

continued on page 26

YOUR VIEW

Be my valentine

I wish to extend my congratulations and appreciation to all the Maclean's folk for creating and producing an absolutely superb magazine.

JOHN LEACH, TORONTO

Long lost Canadians

As a former high-school English teacher and a 10-year veteran of essay writing in a university English department, I am interested in Martin Waddington's recent, *Book (Merrill)*, on the importance of teaching Canadian literature to universities.

Memo de la Roche has been translated and read all over the world, but Canadian university critics have consistently looked down their noses at her. Why? And why is Gilbert Flett virtually unknown now? When I was in high school in Saskatchewan 43 years ago *The Search of the Mighty* was taught as Canada's greatest novel. Recently I picked up a second-hand first edition for 25 cents and found it as well written as any I've read, but some of the bright young slugs of today have even heard of it. Not even, apparently, Margaret Atwood, whose I admire.

Somewhere we Canadians will have to learn to value properly our own great people.

MARY PAXNE, WINNIPEG

Beyond politics

I have just completed reading the articles on me in *Maclean's*. I found the articles written by John Arthur, Premier Lougheed and Eric Kiernan to be very informative. What puzzles me is the worthless essay by Donald MacDonald. It seems to me he was writing an election speech and not trying to decline any real facts or take any real stands as to the federal government's position. This seems to be a continuation process pushed by members of the cabinet.

I feel that Canada can have a great future, if we build slowly and productively, but I am afraid I cannot "look to the future with assurance" if man like Donald MacDonald's continues to hold against the bush. Our federal government is continuously selling us down the river, and as part of the government that will be forced to clean up the mess left by the government, I can only feel anger toward Energy Minister Donald MacDonald's role in the federal government's hiding of the real facts.

LEE POWELL, WINNIPEG

The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

"Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money"

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks. But I don't make big money any more. I don't even get rich. I did once but lost it. For example, I had just about 2 hours to write a 1000 word, it should earn me \$6, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to only pay to send me 10 million for something that I can't use more than 10 years. And I'll be in a position to make that you'll be a damned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I should be? I can show you how to make it more.

And here it is. You can see that you can make money my way. I can show you how I'll make you the world's most successful person.

And here it is. I don't even need your check or money order for 31 days after I've sent you my material. That I give you a sample of time to get it back from you, try it out.

If you don't like it, I'll give it all back. I don't want your money. You've seen that I don't want your money. I'll give you a sample of time to get it back from you, try it out.

The only reason I won't send it to you and tell you or send it to you is because I don't want your money. I'll give you a sample of time to get it back from you, try it out.

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more than my share, but I'm not going to say that you'll make as much money as I do. And you may not like it. I personally know one man who said these principles were his best, and made it a million dollars in 10 years. That money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "experience." Just send me a check or money order to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "power." One word I'll send you. It's "No." It's the word that will make you the money you need, doing what I want. It doesn't require "experience." A word in Chicago has been doing great \$25,000 a year for the last 3 years, using my method.

What I don't require "help." Enough to take a chance. Enough to always what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into action. If you do just that — nothing more, nothing less — the results will be hard to believe. Because, I'm not a genius.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may not be able to give up so much money that you'll be able to. Once you see that, you'll be able to. Once you see that, you'll be able to.

The reason I don't even need to tell you that I'm not a genius is that I don't want your money. I'll give you a sample of time to get it back from you, try it out.

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ACUPUNCTURE GAULT continued had the odd mild attack since the first treatment in February, 1973, and the re-arranging follow-up, but he can live with the situation quite nicely now.

The personal testimonials and the studies, many of which are supplied by European countries such as France and Britain and Austria and Germany (making three in the eyes of North American doctors less suspect since they have been verified by fellow practitioners of Western medicine) show unquestionably that acupuncture in Dr. Gault's Grosse immediate past president of the CMA, was to announce on his return from China, "works and works well."

But why? There is virtually no medical science for the effects created by needling these points all over the body. The points only occasionally coincide with known nerves, muscles and blood vessels and it's particularly curious that for instance, four needles stuck in a man's ear can make it possible to perform privileged and involved surgery in his chest cavity.

I've read or heard a good half-dozen hypotheses for the efficacy of acupuncture and while they all make sense to me to a point, and in fact contradict one another in only more ways they are simply not the answer. The more credible and comprehensible explanation is still rooted in Chinese medicine.

In Oriental thought, there is a constant, the dimensions of which are controlled by opposites, Yin and Yang. Taking that down to the human body level, health and well-being exist only when the Yin and the Yang, or the negative and positive energy forces of the body, are in balance. Health, which in the West is defined in the absence of disease, in the East is considered to be an energy balance within the body. And energy, it was discovered (or for the skeptics, discovered) is the days before the entrance of Western medicine, flowed through the body along 12 main meridians and two other trunk meridians. It is on these meridians that the acupuncture points for the diagnosis of disease (which Dr. Martin Zandora did not ask on any request for the purpose of this article) are done. Oriental by taking the six pulses on each wrist and thereby determining if one or more of the internal organs — heart, stomach, spleen, bladder, kidney, lungs, liver etc. — is suffering an energy imbalance. If an acupuncture is used to correct the imbalance, and restore well-being.

The poking in my case took about five or six minutes and it revealed that while most organs were functioning normally, I had a reduced function in my gall bladder and lower intestine and increased function in my spleen. Now Dr. Zandora had never seen me before, so he couldn't have known by any other means that I'd just come off a bout with

continued on page 72

"The sand... little flowers here and there... the sea and the sky. I love it."

Lynne Houston on her twelve visit to Bermuda.



"I used to hunt Easter eggs here. Mum and Dad hid them everywhere — in the trees, between the little rocks."

"It's great to be on this big span of green again, looking onto that blue ocean."



"I love the evenings here — the breeze through the open windows. The sound of the tree frogs and crickets."

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The Other Pickup is the widest-riding pickup you can buy, and you'll really appreciate the difference on the highway, or when you're angling up a hill in rough country.

Almost everything about it has been improved or beefed-up this year. Like stronger frames. Higher weight ratings. Heavy-wall exhaust pipes with aluminum mufflers. Optional electronic ignition systems. Power front disc brakes are even standard.

You can pick your power from a hefty 6 or V8s ranging up to 401 cubes, and then gear it with a 3-speed automatic, fully synchromesh 3 or 4 speed, or a 5-speed direct or over-drive transmission.



Inside you can get as plush as you like. Power steering, air conditioning, AM-FM radio, tinted glass, competing you name it.

We've said it before, but maybe it bears repeating—once you look into The Other Pickup, you just might decide it's the Only Pickup.



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PICKUP**
The Other Pickup



ACUPUNCTURE GAULT continued
before a most interested and enthusiastic
an experiment to establish a practice
which is officially only about 10 years
old even in China but which has several
centuries' worth. It is commonly used
in such procedures as Caesarian section
and removal of kidney in obstetric sur-
gery where the traditional Western anes-
thesia are too dangerous to the patient
(severe heart or lung problems) or too
likely to interfere with the surgery.

As far as I've been able to determine,
there have been only two surgeries done
in Canada (other than a few Caesari-
ans) with acupuncture used as a sub-
stitute for anesthesia. One involved the
removal of a kidney from Dr. C. Y.
Leung himself, an acupuncture master
(though a physician, not a medical doc-
tor), who does research in acupuncture
under the auspices of the department of
anthropology at the University of
Western Ontario. His father, an acupunc-
ture master who was visiting Chi-
na, performed the operation. Unusu-
ally, since Western-style anesthesia had
to be used before the operation was
completed, Dr. Leung's father was a major
problem, but a friend of mine in the
CMA told me there were some severe
complications.

The second surgery using acupuncture
analgesia was done at the Robt.
McNicol Hospital in Montreal, a har-
dly operation on a 56-year old woman
named Helen Anderson in April, 1973.
She was on her feet minutes after the
operation (according to her) surgery,
though which she remained fully con-
scious. She did not postoperative pain for
12 hours and went home the same day.

Naturally that type of surgery or
quies about a five-day stay at hospital.
As well, her surgeon, Dr. Harry Stevens,
commented that there was only minimal
bleeding, that only two of approxi-
mately 12 blood vessels actually required
to be tied off were in fact tied off.

In the old China, before the invasion
of Western medicine, there were three
classes of physicians. At the top were the
masters, the most respected ones who
taught their level because they had
nothing but healthy patients, they ex-
amined their patients regularly and
when their found imbalances in the life
energy they corrected them by acupunc-
ture at some other form of Chinese
medicine. In the middle were the physi-
cians who treated and cured the cases
of disease. And at the bottom were those
who treated symptoms. Dr. Zarkis com-
mented, with some self-deprecation
that all Western doctors would fall into
the middle if not lower categories.

And another thing about the Old Chi-
nese physicians: they only got paid if
their patients were healthy. If one got
sick they had to donate their time, ser-
vices and equipment to getting him bet-
ter. That has a nice ring to it. ☐



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a special occasion
to enjoy
an occasional
Heineken**

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makers of snails and pebbles who spew out text on everything from keys to green money. My new personal city included County Long — a *Book For City People*, City People's Guide To County Long, Being County People, Grow It, and — my favorite — *How To Make It On The Land*, by Ray Cuthbert. The last one is published by Princeton of Canada Ltd. who report about 4,000 copies sold across Canada in just over a year. A big seller.

Each evening I prowled through the maw of my new-found lifestyle: how to get straight into a year orchard, the needs of adolescent chickens, hens on business, the horrible sorcery of making fence posts too long, digging a well, some dowsing, consultation in the bunkhouse.

We wrestled with a dilemma: which strategy plan to follow? Step 1: keep a home in Montreal, for example, and sort out a weekend chain cottage on a farm in the Eastern Townships. That wouldn't be enough for us. Yet would we move to the land completely and be satisfied to scrape out a simple living for the joys of country and independence? Can't do it. So do money other things, when? Beginning farmers. Some love it, others can't make it through the winter with only a wood stove and an endless 40 foot way.

The middle road — earning income in the city and supplementing it with farm production — turned us best. With luck and good management, commencing the day down to four days a week. Our plan was fairly straightforward: a five-bedroom house, big barn, screen or pond if my cousin had a like sign-bird, lots of wildlife. 50 to 100 acres, not too close to the road, not too far from a good school, not a place that's been dirt, close to schools, well away from dumps and gravel pits. As I said, straightforward.

Our "city" would be cheap. I made the decision after going through a friend's notes from a 10-week lecture series called *Feeding Today* — *An Introduction Course*.

About thirty he had this to say: "worn, any big problem — dogs and within another big problem — need to breed more to keep production and make a buck — there's no such thing as cheap sheep — either healthy or more deal with four feet up in the air — Self-talk is a good breed and you don't need much money to start."

The lady who had vowed never to close out a self thought it might be fun to give a hike well. Of course we would also have a house or two, and as the kid said "A few prospects to give us eggs."

Over several muddy Saturdays we chatted down newspaper leads and dis-

covered the art of writing country real estate. Things are not always as described. *Handyman's dream home* complete with country kitchen. *Newly moved property*. This really means no dining room in a house that's falling apart, and the view from any window is now open now of eight-inch spruce trees.

Goodman's secluded hills, farm art could be a real estate. Look out! There's no road to this patch of rock or rock which is impossible to farm and probably sits on a mountain side.

On our first Saturday, we learned that to inspect a farm effectively in spring, you need rubber boots to the waist, that cars are best left in the back of the line, call names and names of people are not essential, at least half of what a cow eats comes out the other end. Not bad for the first week — but we didn't find the farm.

On the following Saturday when we visited 40 acres of bush, a 200-acre dairy farm, and a flourishing piggy bank



spring-graduate answered a number of unspoken questions. On the quality of country schools, he said we had nothing to worry about, the best teachers had moved to the country years ago.

Would we be welcomed by the local community? "If you're planning to be a part-time farmer," he said, "real farmers don't take to you." I had suspected as much. "They think it's a tax dodge. They'll call you a jerk-farmer 'till you're always jerking off to the city." I gave a hollow laugh.

We visited one farm where the owner, about 50, had had his 15-year-old father living with him. The old man was signed selling and disappeared into the bush whenever prospective buyers showed up.

It would be tough to exchange a life-long friend for an amateur farmer, three city kids and a woman who is afraid of cows, jerk-farmers.

Our rural friends, those who had moved out ahead of us, did a big talking job — partly I suppose, to reassure themselves as well as to expand the pool of buyers and the emergency help. Said one, "The best way to be accepted

out here is to not stand. Show them you need help." That would be easy.

As the weeks dragged on and nothing seemed to reach our vision and our price, we faced the prospect of having to start money or work for a similar place. Finally, about 11:30 p.m. one night, the phone rang. A woman had a place being listed the next day and wanted us to have first crack at it. (They always say that.) She described it, including the squash and air bedrooms. The next evening we prowled the property in fading daylight (and rubber boots), sipping and sipping as we checked off our list of musts and maybes. The pond was stocked with trout. The barn had acquired a new roof four years ago. There needed some decorating, but was by and "suitable," we thought. The trees weren't great. The land was rolling, in an area of meadows to good soil. Twenty-five acres would come along in the deal if we wanted them. It was a long drive to the city, but what the hell.

We went back the next night and the next. Each visit added more features, more reasons to make the jump. We talked to our lawyer about financing.

That Saturday night we went to a city party in a state of beautiful euphoria. The search had been successful. I described the place in glorious detail to a crowd of skeptics — city cynics and leery gossips. Their rural not-comes were not what I had expected.

"Henry bought a place — then he had the water tested. Cost him \$2,000 for a new well." Big laugh.

"Man that's going to be something to brag 'n' it. One hundred-and-five acres! I'll take 'em!"

"Hope you make out better than a guy I know. He did this whole farm thing about three years ago. Only on the farm his attention he discovered he was at the end of the snowplough route. They didn't touch his road until about noon. Two acres and he was fired for not showing up at work." He winked. "Of course I guess you've figured some way around the snow problem up there."

"Jeez, if you're going to have stock, you better hope the pigs don't freeze. Sheep need water, you know."

"Hell, it's been nice knowing you, farmer. Don't call me when you sleep get out."

Two women cried at the prospect of losing us from the community. We went home quietly. Thoughtfully I couldn't stop thinking about what I would do with a net of frozen pipes at 4 in. And it was only spring!

I woke up the next morning and thought, if I were on that farm right now, 30 miles from here — I'd have been up for two hours already. And if I walked out the back door and met the

continued on page 28

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BUYING A FARM contrast of those sheep with his four feet up in the air... what would I do? I mean what do you do with a dead sheep? In the city you grab the telephone. But here's this sheep — some cold dead — lying so that you can't even back the car out. What do you do?

That was something to think about. We also spent much of that day — Sunday — thinking out our new feelings toward those mature frozen types, so-called conserving, dumb, and take-out pizza. Some considerations had been noted in our enthusiasm. For example, I have trouble changing wheels. I do not enjoy prolonged darkness without a light switch or sunlight nearby.

You can laugh, of course, and about *old-fashioned* coward that lurking somewhere in this headlong search for freedom and land in a large dose of idealism, more common. Only when you come down to specifics — hill slopes, 22 \$650k acres, a halfway almost a quarter of a mile long in the snow belt — does a full and honest evaluation of city vs. country living really begin.

I recalled one farmer who stood inside his big barn and pointed to a powerful, snowmobile, small house trailer and tractor. "This tractor's great," he said. "But of the stuff belongs to my brother-in-law. He comes out from the city on weekends. I don't have time for any of that."

There is a tremendous return to the land — both spiritually and physically — but for some the return is a wild escape from reality that a conscious return to what false memories of childhood lead us on. What powerful, hope-less longings! It is a daydream, not a reality, to expect that animals will be easier to live with than people. Perhaps the mental vision of a dead sheep as your lawn is a good way to find out if you're ready. Some of us aren't. And isn't this water that sinking a headle into a punctured canteen or machine and then pulling out? Isn't this better than discovering after six months that you can't live with so much silence?

We backed out. We didn't buy the best farm we've ever seen. We didn't move from the city.

Yes, for us, the search was in large part an oxymoron's dream. I suppose we've been through it before: it's an exciting, satisfying experience in itself. We saw beautiful country, met fascinating people and stood staring on the bank of a new lifestyle. Just that a good for the soul. For some, we're planning rebookings along the bridge behind the garage, and thinking about a semi-ride drive to the Maritimes.

But when you read this in the spring, chances are we'll be looking for a farm again. And if I can figure out how to cope with that dead sheep with its legs in the air, we just might do it. ☺

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TRAVELERS OF CANADA

swing onto the Trans-Canada, up over the hills toward New Glasgow and Antigonish, past Bible Hill, through Kempenfelt and Salt Springs and past the turnoff for Garden of Eden, Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia.

Steve is 37 now and he has a good life. A grand piano dominates the Peabody's long, low living room. Sunlight glancing through the pine trees at home the Peabodys often take their morning coffee down to the shore and watch the ships enter Halifax harbor. Would they move? Well.

"Moving becomes less and less attractive the more involved we become here." With other ASD members Steve plays both in a chamber group, the Halifax Woodwind Quintet, and in solo. Yehon in MUSIC, an ensemble devoted entirely to modern works. His composing muse gives some CBC radio talks and touches that in several cities the ASD visit.

Betty has a few students, but she would as soon not teach. "Really I just want to become a very good bass player." She studies with Gary Karr, the great bass player who lives in Halifax and teaches at Dalhousie University — and now even goes straight to the Juilliard School of Music in New York and the New England Conservatory as well — while still maintaining an international career driver.

Gary Karr will be the guest soloist tonight in Sydney. He's a showman, a tireless promoter of himself and his instrument, and he is out of only four seasons in the whole history of the double bass, the kind of musician for whom composers write special works. To the Peabodys he is both friend and enemy.

too. Betty works part-time as his secretary. As a member of his International Institute for the String Bass she wears a hip hat — a MARLBOROUGH. Since chamber has points with questions from Karr, Betty admits to quote with Halifax subscribers often.

As we talked, I wondered whether at some level they weren't thinking about the Sydney concert. True, Steve admitted. "For instance, there's a very tricky entry in Franz Liszt. I have to put my feet down and come in again with the pizzicato after eight very fast bars. If the pizzicato is too warm or too cold it'll be out of pitch. If it doesn't cut on my third exactly right, or if my embouchure is wrong, the way I hold my mouth, or if I don't count properly, I'll come in at the wrong time or just not cleanly and firmly, but a little nervously. I don't really worry about it, but from time to time my mind wanders in that kind of thing."

At noon the bus turned left down Church Street into Antigonish, pulling up in front of Wong's Restaurant, stopping as hour for lunch.

In Sydney, 137 miles ahead, Gordon Le Desnois walked up and down a steel ladder, repairing fans and conveyor in the Kaiser Minerals plant at the Point Edward Industrial Park. He read now ahead to the concert tonight. Gordon had been playing the double bass for 30 years, in dance bands like the Acadia Orchestra and in a backup group for the Cape Breton male choir, The Men of the Bore. He would take his sons Kevin and Paul. Kevin was starting to play the double bass and the 12-year-old Gary had given a reputation. He would see Ke-

vin's interest. When Gordon had begun playing the double bass, there was no teacher in Sydney — still isn't, in fact. He studied to himself. It would be good to see the whole orchestra playing second fiddle to his big clumsy bass.

Pat Carner was driving in a property he would survey, thinking that dinner tonight was the last symphony concert of the season. Pat's father led an orchestra that played for the old silent movies and he taught Pat to play the violin. It must be wonderful to play for a living. Pat can only play for his own enjoyment. There aren't enough good string players in Sydney to form a chamber group. Pat smiled, remembering the time he played with some ASD musicians in Antigonish and they told him he was good enough to audition for the orchestra. He never did, though. Never got to Halifax. The only live music he and Irene hear in these concerts in Sydney. Wonderful. Records aren't the same thing at all.

At Xavier College, a fighting Irishman named Father Luke Dempsey was lecturing in theology when it occurred to him that tonight was the symphony, which certainly added a touch of grace to this tough industrial area. We'd be much the poorer without it, he thought. It was a thing to look forward to.

Leaving Antigonish, we crossed the Cape Bretonway into Cape Breton, 140 miles from Sydney and talking about the orchestra which was sleeping all around us. You don't get much playing in an orchestra. Steve remarked, he's still only making about half a teacher's salary. The musician's basic pay is \$150 a week plus \$350 from the CBC for that 14-week season, about \$6,900 a year.

Loel Smith worries a lot about money, too.

Tell me, Loel, Smith wears evening dress as though to the manner born. Charming English, he had a varied business career before dropping out in 1959 to raise chickens in New Brunswick. His wife became interested in the semi-professional New Brunswick Symphony, which merged with the Halifax Symphony to form the new Atlantic Symphony in 1966. Loel had joined the Fredericton symphony committee, found he had a nose and a talent for arts administration, and eventually moved to Halifax as the new orchestra's executive director.

Despite all the grand talk about Martin Luther King, Loel and the symphony was the first significant regional venture and is still the only regional symphony in North America. It gave 122 concerts and broadcasts this season, in 18 centres scattered along a base line stretching from Edmundston 1,600 miles to St. John's. Last year Smith, Moore and Loel and Wilson made 12 attempts just to

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In this Scottish city, on the banks
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changed. The cobbles in this town,
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December, when the air is dull and
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See Tommy Dewar looked for new
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YOUR VIEW

Sense and sensibility

What a way to start up the plot of
Prize And Perseus! In *Making It*
with *Cinderella* (February), Beverly
Slopes tells us, "... Mr. Darcy is
trapped by a girl of modest back-
ground who was not rather than
beauty or position to attract his love."

It seems to me that the author
would benefit from studying Jane
Austen, for their male characters are
expressions "puffed" and "beaten"
are remarkably accurate when ap-
plied to this subtle satire directed
against marriage entrepreneurs. Un-
like Bennett does not "drop" Darcy;
he attracts him exactly and un-
knowingly, makes a fine negative to
his premarriage first proposal, and
rejects only when she has learned to
love him — and when he has learned
to value her.

There isn't! And I hope you have
survived dozens of letters from pro-
testing females.

MRS. ALAN DOWNE,
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Don't go away mad

The only logical response to Allan
Fetheringham's article, *Don't Cover
Roses Out*, in the February issue is to
say that "these are the assumed ones,
observers, poets, e.g., popular,
sterns and governments of a
hopelessly out-of-touch British Colum-
bia in Quebec ... leaving proudly
his 3000 miles of ignorance."

Enough said from a disgraced
Quebecer.

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Frank Bergeron gave us the music
of the working man's day. There are
not many who can write with pleasure
of work done.

I was a former housewife and
loved the music of the working man's
day, too. There came an insight
from subconscious that I missed
something. That means I don't feel
lonely.

JANE GRONIMANN, BRIDLEY, BC

Joys of jogging

Congratulations, I was so delighted to
see articles on health and food supple-
ments in the October issue. We are a
very sick nation, and soon will de-
stroy ourselves, if we do not do some-
thing about preventive medicine, and
soon.

M. KERNADIAN, TORONTO

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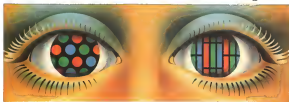
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you and Vienna. Krieger and Debuschke, smiling at the audience of Sydney's Nova Scotia. Carcinomatically, he strikes Ben Bolok's hand in the traditional greeting to the musicians, turns and bows to the audience, turns back, smokes his pipe, and with forth the great wave of sound which is the musical services delight of a live orchestra.

In his head he is "singing" the music a half second ahead of the orchestra trying to induce a sound as full and clear and rich as that ideal performance going on in there behind his eyes. His stocky body, with its swaying haunch, becomes one with his mind, one with the orchestra. Perhaps tonight he can "sing" especially well, for after a Schubert overture the orchestra plays *Verano in G (A Time of Muses)* by Kito Muzni. Charmed by the piece, the critic of the *Cape Breton Post* will describe Muzni's performance as "sensational" and "inspired."

And Gary Karr is bowing now to the audience, addressing his instrument playing a nice little concerto by Donizetti for *Dragonets*. The true beauty, some notes sparkle. Even I, who scarcely know an alligator from a crocodile, am astounded. Karr is simply dazzling.

Finally, astonishingly, Karr offers comedy — Pagano's *Mosses* famous, tested with a wit so pointed the audience laughs out loud. The wit is the comic side of Karr's facial expressions or his occasional cherry-lipped winking. Those musicians who aren't offended by Karr's spontaneous theatrics are breaking up too, as Karr winks till the last split-second before picking up a bow from the orchestra, slithering with it, passing it back. But Corcoran is crying to see. Later, queuing up to congratulate the soloist he will be stony faced by Karr's spontaneous comment: "You have the sweet little expression I love you."

On the closing selections from Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* the orchestra lets go the great pulses, swirling blinks of sound you never heard anything like in an your years, a rich, daring, variety of music. 45 people referring to music of music to an audience now deeply concentrated into a single listener. 500, 600 people still in the fixed core of the opening music here it build now — And as the music seems and swells, three percussionists and their drums, taking his piccolo from his pocket, creates a light beam, and makes his entry —

They have heard that entry, the Le Dances and the Cornettes and the Dances, whether or not they even noticed it they have heard Steve do that, and hearing that you see in the thing the whole point, those little notes adding up to one vast music — that is what this music is all about in the twinkling city of Sydney is all about.



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SALMON RUN from page 36

Vancouver Island coast a few miles north. It's still there, stashed among rocks like giant stone teeth. "Of course some Colds disappeared down creek," Herb Shawnee says. "Miscellaneous, the way things disappear off a wrecked ship. Berries pulled alongside and the sea got washed off."

At Port Renfrew, a fine deep-sea harbor on the southwest coast of Vancouver Island, salmon and gill-nets march toward us through the early morning mist. Sun flares, blurry blue. Sea Port, River Look Bay, R. and Victoria Bay.

Most of them come directly from the "soft-line" boundaries, that being a 1997 non-written "agreement" between the U.S. and Canada that no salmon fishing with nets will be allowed beyond the surface. The "agreement" covers the coasts of California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska and BC. In purpose it is to conserve the salmon stock, for each country, although the Canadian fishermen say the U.S. almost invariably takes the single share of salmon bound for spawning grounds on BC rivers. One reason for the disproportionately large U.S. catch is that, after the agreement, Alaska denied its fishing area would extend down miles seaward from the surface but had been established for the other coastal states and BC. One might call this an international double cross, but Canadian fisheries officials are rarely that subtle.

Now that makes a lot of BC fishermen pretty mad. One beam talk of blockading the Fraser's mouth with nets and simply closing it out of fish. But that is self-defeating, obviously, for 15% to 20% of salmon must reach their home waters in the Fraser and its tributaries to spawn. If they were blockaded, the rich ocean harvest of the great river would vanish entirely. The only reason to agree to further restriction and agreement through the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission.

High Rise, Brian and Miss Jeanne, swinging low and stem expertly alongside the Pacific Ocean, dipping, jerking good-naturedly with the packer's crew. "Who's the city man?" Joe Lepore wants to know, meaning me of course. Lepore says he hates fishing, wants to quit. "Too many boats working here, you can't catch enough fish. But with a family, how can I quit?"

Rosemary Wilson, widow with no children, her dead husband a fisherman, she alone on the gill-netter. "Why?" I ask her. She chuckles deep inside her workbreaker. "There's more fish at sea than men offshore. Which is fair enough. By now the big end of the season there aren't enough fish either."

Islands in Port Renfrew for the 30-mile trip to Tofino along the west coast of Vancouver Island. What a busy harbor, the manager of Canford at Tofino. And there's nothing to make the fish feel so vulnerable as their flying, baby canyons, powered by twisted rubber bands. The pilot glowers in an interview, perhaps realizing he is answering a hard question on the inside despite muffled for nervous passengers. Am I nervous, am I nervous? Yes and no.

Tofino is a fishing village with one main street, two groceries and a hotel. Its location is described as west of nowhere—but nowhere has miles and miles of white sand beaches, sounding waves off the blue lace-trimmed sea edge, if you're lucky enough to see them. And maybe 300 to 500 solitary growing like a sunny forest on the harbor. Trouble because the soft-line agreement prohibits net fishing for salmon. And a severely washed peninsula at all around the village.

But Tofino for me is mostly Old Siller, a sniffer, age 33, ex-current, mixed with kids and owns his own house kind of a go-who-pull-all-fishbacks sort of guy. I mean the fortunate kid who makes you party as if it's a kid, even though physically a man. Five years ago Siller decided to be a fisherman; the days the more than 6,000 licensed fishing boats operating in BC. He did some soul-searching, about it with his wife, bought an elderly 36-foot motor and salmon boat, called her the Promiswell, because fishing seemed to promise a better life for his family.

But how was the rub. Siller had never fished before in his life, except boat and worms off the dock. Then what about Joe McLeod? McLeod, the bush confident man, second enter and promoter, no doubt the fish were actually afraid not to bite his hooks, or else McLeod might speak to God about a God Siller was friendly with McLeod and sure of help from him. And got it, too, but not exactly as expected. Siller described himself using the Promiswell, following the edge of a shoal feeding ground where salmon ought to be abundant, he must be Tofino, and using a playful kind of bait. When he got back, McLeod would grant cryptically and say of the bait. "Should be a different color." To which Siller would respond eagerly, fire lighting up at word from his assistant. "What kind of bait do you think is best, Joe?"

But McLeod would never give him a direct answer, letting the younger man figure it out for himself, dropping something here or there and how and when things should be done.

What's it like to be a fisherman? Siller was fishing that one quickly. Once in a fog a 300-foot Russian trawler loomed over the Promiswell. The trawler's

whistle blew deafeningly, continuously. But which way was the drifter going? Is that the best I can do, or the worst? What shall I do, which way shall I go? And a later thought, what was my right steady drifting line against that great floating claw that snatches whole schools of salmon from the sea?

Of course the comparatively high price for fish caught with a hook and line—ranging from \$14.00 to \$22.25 a pound for coho and spring salmon—made it worthwhile. And the desperate drive toward excellence in work, that is, catching, packaged and syndicated by Joe McLeod. Later to the radio, voices talking without bodies on the solitary no-blinded sea. Fish further north on the banks there? Get on your horse, Gail, go where others are finding fish.

The loose net against whippers, and match that with the corresponding number on the chart where boats and fish are working. How long will the fish wait? All right, how long, trading along the beach with back to the water, waiting to check the jaws, check the catch scanner for fish, the depth finder and all the little fishing lights and sounds connected with monolithic electrodes fixed in a beam beam.

And salmon, their long gleaming silver bodies popping out of the sea, coils transferred into dollar bills and groceries, spring salmon changed to a new room built onto the house, mortgage paid off, the desperate anxiety of being alone turned to momentary content. And perhaps laughter. Amusement at one's self, the good guy laughter most lost when the salmon disappear, hiding to nothing, but the bloody whisper and murmur of your own being back.

There's more to Tofino than the clearly Promiswell with 1,700 salmon. Stern mouth, delta mouth, bow juddering, trembling with the engine's futile efforts, the whole woman-on Rubie Goldberg corruption not going unkind. (Veteran fishermen say, "Those sons of them fish aboard, boy, or yes I'll never make it to him, boy!" Under your breath, "Well, boys, I'm making it home.") And wearing a little with good reason, the sea man doing.





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MEXICO

SALMON RUN continued

clothes covered with blood and fish slime, covered with dirty gloves, smeared. And the women waving you at the dock, knowing it's coming in all from the look on your face: how it feels and she's feeling it.

The stone Indians of Canada is not the most local Coast Range, but the village here peaks of Vancouver Island, are surrounded by forests nearly as massive as in another planet. Riding another canoe, I'll be seeing over there, found for a fish canner in Nuuksu on the mainland, about 100 miles southwest of Prince Rupert. Lying now over the BC Island Passage to Alaska, an isolated group of islands "near a kingdom this is given," high half-hour, then finding their overlow to other lakes (and down the mountains, then will other lakes in the mountain necks strong to gether on top of the world. Finding both below are water bodies, the mile long swains, indeed, for seeing under. And Nuuksu, a three-hundred dollar canner with no machinery since and only the refrigeration plant is operation.

Country so beautiful nobody dares to die without having seen it. But eagles fly over the banks here, salmon strong in the harbor, similar to avoid the low-water river and the new man-made. Raised boardwalks wind through the trees, connecting homes, canneries, refrigeration plant and several Japanese village, ending at the edge of the main forest. A British Columbia Packers Ltd. company town, it now employs only about 80 people instead of the 500 in its heyday years ago.

Les Scott is a native, born here and up ship-board at the fishing station owned by BC Packers on Vancouver Island in the early Fifties, introduced a union and was blackballed out of a job. Now, he works for the same company at Nuuksu. Maybe they've got more interest since George Wren Ltd. bought a 70% interest. The industry is a whole dominated by these companies, the enormous BC Packers and C. Wren and Prince Rupert Fishermen's Cooperative Association. The small companies at Fisherman's Wharf in Vancouver or at Prince Rupert, and a few elsewhere, these supply and take in contrast, also the fish and frozen market BC Packers, the giant one, taking nearly half the industry.

Barry McMillan, brook young manager of J. S. McMillan Fishermen in Vancouver, says his small company has million dollar gross sales a year — is that much? — more efficient and has less overhead. "Besides we don't have all these big companies' wastefulness," McMillan owns three boats and catches more. He estimates the five-man crew of a dragger can catch

make up to \$30,000 per season.

At the Campbell Station about 10 miles from Vancouver, Fletcher, team fishermen, bearded, long-disk hair, age 30, a slim athletic animal in his movements, bubbling excitement held just under the surface of his talk. Fletcher operates a 58-foot long-liner with a three-man crew and has just returned after 10 days out with a two-catch week more than \$7,000. But listening to him, all is not beer and skittles in fish and chips.

Cape Chisno, he explains, is a southern point in Nuuksu, the miles from the Canadian Nuuksu Road. "Now, the innermost Boundary should run right in the middle of those two points, and it does, it does. And yet the Alaskan Fisheries people have a three-mile line from Cape Chisno, which takes in the Canadian Nuuksu Road. What a mess is our fishing boats are chased by American patrols in Canadian territorial waters. I can't even fish a little. Of course we don't stop, but someone could put led on there if the Americans are as trigger-happy as they are sometimes."

John Wolff is a halibut long-liner. 70 years old and bald but with 25 black hair on his head, slightly speckled with grey. He has fished all his life and doesn't expect to spend the rest of it any differently. His halibut long-liner operates north of Banks Island in Haida Strait, the halibut fishing grounds — "long-line," a 300-fathom-long cable or so with an extended short line for bottom fishing. Denking coffee together, Wolff tells me about a pod of 150 killer whales on both sides and behind the long-liner. "After whales blow they swirl and swirl, it was like being in the middle of a big garbage dump. Most of 'em had their mouths open, you could see their teeth. I was never so scared before or since."

In the character of the fishermen, I've met there is some quality I keep trying to define. Not something that will make a man stand out in a crowd, but rather the independence of Yukon. The character of the fisherman, the steady character of John Wolff and a wrapped-around loneliness that comes from driving their boats along the intricate industrial coastline of BC in summer and winter, storm and calm that the fish dangerously close to capture them, sea and storm and all that get. Well, when you think of the old traditions of the BC fishing industry — the total of more than 12,000 people employed on ship and shore, well over 6,000 licensed fishing boats and more than 1500 salaried fishers, all in the coast — it would be surprising if fishermen did not possess some special characteristics. For myself, thinking of my coastal wanderings, I've sometimes caught up with some of my own life that should have been lived before. ☐

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UNIONS JOIN

1,850,000 members, are affiliated to the CLC, the largest Canadian labor "central." The other unions are either independent or affiliated with the Quebec-based Confederation of National Trade Unions or the Ontario-based Confederation of Canadian Unions. Most of the American unions are also affiliated with the AFL-CIO in the U.S. The majority of unions in Canada have fewer than 10,000 members. Only 34 have a membership of 20,000 or more.

In addition to the central bodies to which most unions are affiliated several other groupings exist on a regional craft or industry basis. These include the CLC's provincial federations and district associations, and the allied trades groups such as the maritime port and building trades councils.

One common perceived security threat is such a structural jumble. Not is it possible to select one or more unions as typical of the rest. In visiting the offices of various unions, I find that each one is shaped, to a great extent, by the industry or service that employs its members. It tends to be preoccupied with its own, relating to that industry. The Postal Workers, for example, are most concerned right now about the automation of various post office functions. The railway unions are trying to get a complaint going to move passenger travel. Marine unions are preparing briefs on proposed changes in the Canada Shipping Act.

The preoccupation in the day-to-day routine of protecting their members' interests keeps union leaders fairly occupied. They have little time to devote to long-term planning or to the broader social issues affecting all workers. They speak from an internal crisis to another, reacting rather than initiating, giving priority to those developments that most immediately threaten their own security and well-being.

Since most unions in Canada are badly understaffed the officers don't have enough competent assistants to

whom they can delegate administrative duties. This is partly because the unions with fewer than 20,000 members can't afford to hire enough qualified staff, and partly because unions in employment are no longer attractive to most professionals and intellectuals.

Today's idealistic college graduates don't gravitate to the labor movement. His optimism is due to a shift with Canada's Rastafarian youth's disaffection with consumer operations with CUSSO or Politiken Probe. Why? Because labor's social activist doesn't go much beyond the passing of peace resolutions at conventions, and its occasional forays into consumer-oriented projects by the labor councils, the provincial federations and the district councils. The Ontario Federation of Labor and the Labor Council of Metropolitan Toronto and the CMU in Quebec have been active in the field of human rights, civil liberties, poverty co-operatives, and community health centers, but their activities are the exception, not the rule. At the level of the individual union — where the action is — the emphasis is almost entirely on market survival.

Most workers join a union to improve their working conditions, not to help build a better society. There are many exceptions of course, but the average union member sees his union as a bargaining and servicing agency and nothing more. The higher the wages the union wins for him the less receptive he becomes to an extension of the union's activities into wider social crusades. A graph could probably be drawn to show that his social consciousness declines proportionately as his wages increase. He adapts middle-class values becomes concerned with his home air, TV set and other possessions, not with the rights of the poor and unemployed. He does his social far offshoots has turned his into a conservative, and his union into an accessory to that conservatism, being elected and having to run for

re-election every two or three years, most union leaders are unable to resist the ever-present pressure of their members for "more." In a sense they are the victims of their own emphasis on business survival, for their members now judge their solely on their ability to produce more and more at the bargaining table.

In addition to negotiating agreements and processing members' grievances, union leaders are left with trying to re-engage the firm of material demands that have been flaring up in recent years. As a union grows its members become scattered over vast distances, making "grassroots democracy" extremely hard to realize. The trend toward centralized bargaining reduces the members' role still further, making them little more than colorless.

Regardless of how hard they try, union leaders can't please all their members, and the ensuing rank-and-file unrest is causing many problems. One of the most alarming is the tendency to reject proposed contract settlements. Union leaders despair of being able to convince to their members, in a brief conference hall, the experience of many months of arguments and trade-offs that led to an agreement with the employer. In most cases it can't be done. There is no substitute for rank-and-file faith in the negotiating team — a rarity in the cynical age.

There are few unions today that don't have some organized dissident elements, and this is all to the good. It keeps elected leaders on their toes. It does lead, as well, however, to the making of decisions on political rather than practical grounds.

Re-emerging on this problem, CUPE President Stan Little admitted that "one of the most difficult decisions a union leader has to face today is whether he should tell his members what the real situation is. It's much easier to make fiery speeches and condemn mismanagement and be cheered at it, knowing that it is so absurd there and tell them the hard cold economic facts of life — facts he must face when he goes to the bargaining table."

One of the union negotiator's biggest assets while discussions are going on is a militant membership with high expectations, because he can use it to frighten the employer (and possibly the government) with the unpleasant consequences of not loosening the purse-strings a little more. The catch is that in feeding the members' militancy, the union leader cannot at the same time preach realism to them — which means that the settlement he thereby hopes to get is often well below what the members have come to believe they are worth. When offered less, they turn their wrath as much against their own leaders as against the employer.

continued on page 92

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NUPW leader Donald Lewis has been arguing, "It's obvious the habit of making unfair demands they know to be extravagant," arguing that they must co-optation in the membership which cannot be fulfilled — resulting sometimes in strikes that are better than revealed. True enough. But unionism's co-optation usually prevents the setting of demands instead of being adjusted by them. Expectations are shaped by external events — by the rising cost of living, for example, and by the wage increases achieved by other unions. Labor leaders who may presently favor moderation have no control over these developments.

In calling for unions to exercise restraint, Lewis and other union moderates are understood at least partly by labor's bad public image. Most people, when they think of unions, think of strikes and picket lines. When they think of union leaders, they visualize someone like Walter Reuther or Jimmy Hoffa. The picture is comparatively rare and corrupt union leaders come most.

The union I work for represented 117 agreements last year. Only four of these resulted in strikes and only one of those four — last summer's rail strike — involved more than 500 workers and lasted more than two weeks. The rail strike was the first legal railroad strike since 1967 and only the second since 1920.

Every year in Canada more than 10,000 working agreements are negotiated between unions and employers — peacefully and without disruption. Fewer than 3% of all labor disputes culminate in strikes. But of course it's the ones that make the headlines, conveying the impression that labor conflict is rampant.

Even on the worst years for strikes, the number of lost man-days total less than half of 1% of estimated working time. You lose because of disruption and injury greatly exceeds that level. (A case for the common cold would boost production 100 times more than a flu or a sore throat.) If it were possible to measure the loss of time and output caused by managerial inefficiency, it might be found to be the greatest time waster of all. Most industries hit by strikes don't really "lose" much production, anyway. They can make it up by stockpiling in advance and by overtime afterward.

Most union leaders I know are recognized to three parts: public image, and they realize they can't do much to improve it. The darkest public relations campaign Madison Avenue could devise would be nullified by the next major strike. There's no way to win, so they're precluded, and so they a union can give up the right to strike and continue to do a good job for its members.

The postal unions offer a good example. Prior to 1965 they were model

employees, hardly ever going on strike or attempting mail deliveries. Their wages were just about the lowest in the federal public service. Then they decided that respectability was a luxury they could no longer afford. They got enough, reacted to the strike and ever since their popularity has gone down (about) as fast as their wages have risen.

Much of the militancy that has converted formerly docile unions into protesting giants has come from the new generation of workers who have moved into many industries over the past decade. These youngsters don't accept the double rights of owners and managers to boss them around. That right has always been considered implicit in the ownership and control of capital, but it is now being seriously challenged in Canada and other industrialized nations.

The unions in Canada have been as backward as management in failing to push for the radical changes needed in the work structure to make it more fulfilling and democratic. Most union leaders in this country subscribe so fervently to the most autocratic businessmen to the



change between boss and worker. The adversary concepts of labor relations, as they are, it would be impossible to realize if the roles became blurred.

More to the point, most leaders already overestimated with hand-and-fist demands joining one organization don't wish having to tackle the awesome challenge of industrial democracy as well, so they simply ignore an issue building up around them.

Another chronic problem in the Canadian offices of American unions is the authoritarian feeling building up in as many of their locals. When the peak for self-government started about five or six years ago, most defenses of constitutional unionism diminished it as the product of a few wild-eyed idealists — as a flail that would soon disappear. Instead it has mushroomed into a climate for autonomy among almost all U.S. union branches in this country.

Undoubtedly the biggest disturbance in the minds of constitutional Canadian workers is the fragmentation of our labor movement, which the Americans never primarily have caused and which they perpetuate. Nearly half the 88 American unions in Canada have

fewer than 5,000 members here, and several have fewer than 1,000 members. There is no national bastion for their existence, other than as appendages of much larger American organizations. Cut loose, they would be unable to survive on their own. But, stuck to merge with other unions at the same or similar industries, they could launch the remodeling of Canadian labor in 15 or 20 large unions, all of which would be self-sustaining. As matters now stand, they are unable to merge with one another or with national unions, unless the parent union consents. Very few have yet done so. The great majority still insist that no merger should take place in Canada unless provided by mergers in the U.S.

I would list many other problems that give labor leaders sleepless nights. They are listed on all sides by the loads of troubles that apply an institution that has failed to adapt and renew itself. Unions are not adopting the best ideas, the work structure is archaic, their relations with national unions are primitive, their rule books, to quote John Gardner of the Carnegie Corporation, "grow fatter as their ideas grow fatter."

Some of the fault is theirs. Having closed their way to the top, they are basically insecure and hence prone to conservatism. But the blame for labor's shortcomings can't all be dumped on its leaders. Some of them really would like to get their unions out of the rat, but they are opposed by the ignorance and apathy of their membership, by the conflicting vested interests within their hierarchies, by restrictions imposed from below the boarder.

During the next five years or so we'll see a serious test to Canadian labor leadership, as most of the present officers at the top go into retirement. While many will be succeeded by underlings not much younger than themselves, there are significant numbers of bright young men in Canada waiting to move into more substantial posts. Typical of the new breed are Don Taylor of the Steelworkers, the most likely successor to Bill Mahoney, John Fyfe, the child-employment secretary of the BC Government Employees Union, Bob Buchanan of the National Association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians, and Ray Baskin, the Chairman Western ship who now heads the Alberta Federation of Labor.

Young men and women of this ilk dare, more spirited, more imaginative and open-minded, will soon take over the reins of union power. It remains to be seen if they can make the mistakes of labor accorded to the men in the way they would like, or whether the process of organizational decay has gone too far.

Whatever the outcome, the next five years promise to be among the most exciting in Canadian labor history. ☐



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It's going better in time here

That's what Montreal Man, a first feature by 26-year-old director Frank Vitale, is like: a glossy dance on the face of adversity. The film opens this month in Vancouver, Montreal and (with luck) Toronto. It's the most auspicious debut for a young Canadian director since Claude Jutra's *A Real Gentle* in 1963 — and for good reason: Vitale's film is an unusually personal and honest film (the on-screen characters use their real names, the lead character is portrayed by the director) and though it depicts events which are consciously regarded as depressing, it's a charming story about overcoming all that life can dish out. What's in Frank's case, in plenty.

It is Frank's case, some would say, his case others would say, that even at his present age he is all psychobiologically and sexually astute. And in a world of snap-judgment to help, ambiguity is less tolerable than sociopathy. Nice not manner. Not a sexual issue meant, but a quiet, poetic, beautiful photograph, not quite good enough to justify being work-obsessed, and thus self-torturing, not bad enough to shun dating altogether.

Here and like the people who are united across the aisle from him on the Montreal metro. Possessively wrapped in an embrace. They've been kissing now for five minutes. Purring and clucking. A frenzied, scandalous mass of entangled bodies and disheveled hair. Normal love. Frank looks at it as a Marlon might look at it, a sane, amorous, dignified, curious pass through him in an emotional blur.

Frank is not normal. That's okay, he gets by somehow. Only today he's exhausted, hanged his head again into the wall of convention. Poor, bloody head. And he knows things will get worse before the night is through.

"I appreciate you coming here today, Frank," the man had said, smiling, offering her a drink (no thanks). "I want to talk about

Johnny." Johnny is Frank's close friend. Johnny is 12 years old. Everyone, even Johnny's father, assumes that it is an "innocent" friendship. Nevertheless it has to be destroyed. In coldly debarbs the social order.

"I don't want you to see Johnny again," the father tells Frank. "Please enough? What do you mean — a reason? I don't have to explain anything to you."

What do you do together? Johnny's mother asks, her eyes wide and filled with apprehension. She's about 32 perhaps, and judging by her clothes and home supposed to be "hip," but she's about as hip as Bob Dylan is now that he's a millionaire with five kids and an impossible wife. If one asked her to do you want your son to be happy, she would say, yes, but not on his terms. What does a 12-year-old know about what he needs? Get to keep his life the way to make very the true grows straight.

If one said to them isn't the world a cold enough place as it is without your making it even colder, they would look to each other for reinforcement and reply, surely doing the right thing. Aren't we dear? Yes, dear.

Montreal Man is a story about how easily nice people can turn into monsters. It is of course cinema for them to side with the underdog, the rebel, the "beautiful" thing: what distinguishes *Montreal Man* is an uncommon subtlety, the manner in which an unguarded glance, a delicate gesture, an original expression and way of speaking, make a memorable expression. The film has guts, and it has integrity. I hope everyone who feels jaded by the current crop of shallow superblockbusters will see this movie and be refreshed. Remember the name: Frank Vitale. It's going to be important. I would even say vital except I don't want to sell *any* on a sea of guesses.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

CONGRACK: Joe Valdi has the best role that Michael Cowher, directed by Martin RH (Cowher, *Blat*) who knows how to milk rural themes to the last very subtle and snappy.

MAME: Television's Mame, Patricia Arthur, easily made the show from *Lucille Ball* is this — especially now, based on "Frankie Dore's" Mame. It's not so much fun as it used to be, but it has its diverting moments and the occasional thing song. Miss Ball doesn't sing as much now, but she knows a lot, through the soft-focus photography, the Vitale and the game.

MUSIC / LARRY LEBLANC

Selling hard rock in a bubblegum world

Occasionally, Top 30 "hit" radio gives us rock and roll in all its glory, pompous and adolescent defiance, when some basic level offers up the actual presence and heat of violence that makes rock exciting. But it doesn't happen much anymore, at least not, obviously, the excitement was there. The tone of the music became unbearably better-softer, mellow and gentle, so that today it's almost pure "pop": the Las Vegas-Gentle men-bait. "It's well-rounded, good music but it doesn't seem to have any style," says Dave Charles, who is a programming at CHUM in Toronto, the second largest pop music AM station in the country. "It's very average music, really."

In its variety, its lyric, its advocacy of frenzied joy, rock is one long symphony of protest. FM radio in the late 1960s was a political forum for its listeners, the politics involved being less an expression of opinion than a spirit of consensus created around action, dubbed Top 30-Amp. Today, Top 30 has signed an strange hold-up on rock. The 45-rpm style is the less promiscuous vehicle in selling records, when only a couple of years back they were selling the 45 was dead. And this seriously affected FM radio which has become very information: FM appears to be drifting toward the Top 30 concept, rolling with the latest, sleeker, lighter and, inevitably, related ideas, avoiding major hits and good songs from albums that have never been released as singles. This might be an idealized stripped-down presentation methodically cramping exposure of new artists and even records by established artists. Radio's conservatism, tradition, and cynicism take the signal from AM music designers and follow the best they can. Groups with pretense, volatile talent, listening to Canadian radio and drifting from it as an expression of what it takes to "make it" are likely to change their own style to embrace those values radio feels safe with. As most directors seem to have an almost pathological distaste for "hard rock" (in "Canadian" the Top 30 format) which it is exposed) Canadian record companies will generally not sign a hard rock band.



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Randy Bachman: a serious one for rock

There is much to praise in Canadian music, especially such songwriters as Murray McLachlan, Leonard Had, Ken Tophan and Valdy who are writing more of considerable force and originality. But it must be obvious to everyone by now that the style and content of Canadian music holds few surprises or innovations; there's no creative explosion, none of rock's customary audience-owning snap and punch. It seems that every record company has its little cove of limp and often laughable "songs," who reap of the glory and money while independent-circuit artists such as Bruce Cockburn, David Wilton and a few others are denied national AM-radio exposure.

The crisis primarily because musical diversity in Canada is blocked by record companies' dependence upon a handful of key radio stations. A music unable to crack the Canadian majors with perhaps 6,000 copies. A loser. Despite the Canadian Radio and Television Commission's required 30% air play, Canadian producers get in to explore the public imagination. Canadian records, for whatever reason, are not doing as well on American charts today as in pre-CHRC regulatory days of 1969-70.

It's a restless year for such major Canadian groups as Crowther, The Scepters, Edmund Bear and Light House who still are looking for sustained international acceptance. There's an obvious reason why these groups are in trouble, aside from their general lack of charisma and/or talent. They are content to hold on in their old audiences and not break any new ground. There is pursuing them by. Fortunately, in Vancouver's Bushmen-Turner Quartet we have a change from the staid, controlled, cool flavor of Canadian rock music. It's a Canadian group with class. And

Larry LaBrie is a *fréquent* music critic and broadcaster.

the prime attraction is guitarist/leader Randy Bachman, one of rock's best musicians/emperors. Bachman had a couple of high years in the Guess Who but he left in May 1970, and went into semi-retirement in Winnipeg. Eight months later, he formed Bruce Bell's second group, Chad Allen (also a founding member of the Guess Who) and asked his 18-year-old brother, Rob Bachman, to join as drummer. The resultant album, *Bruce Bell*, was a vaguely country-oriented, under-produced album that was largely ignored on its release. During the recording of *Bruce Bell II* (another notable), Fred Turner replaced Allen, and *Barometer's* *Gone* — sung by and written, essentially, by Allen — became the album's sole hit and attracted Bruce Bell some attention as a three-part harmony unit, long after Allen's departure. The trio dropped out of sight for a while in the interim playing bars and high schools, while Randy kept them going with his songwriting from the Guess Who. When they reissued in Vancouver a year later under the name Mercury (after turn down by *everyone* including Mercury), the album and name was Bachman-Turner Overdrive, and a third *Bachman* brother, Tim, had joined as rhythm guitarist (now Tim has been replaced by Blair Thorne). The same Bruce Bell was scrapped.

Bachman-Turner Overdrive and their later, *Bachman-Turner Overdrive II*, are excellent albums, ranking in two of the best international rock albums of the last year. The first album sold 235,000 copies in North America while the second, putting in advance orders of 100,000 before its January release, is over the 250,000 mark already.

Bachman-Turner Overdrive has arrived on the scene at precisely the moment when Canadian rock finds itself in the most dismal state in years. Their timing is perfect, for they're desperately needed.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

Count and Speak (Arylon, 78S 1001): perhaps Rod Mitchell's finest work to date. Certainly his most diverse, with far more substance to the music than is previous albums.

Yik (Eximial Band Band (Franklin, FK2-704): A jocular and raucous double album from 18 Vancouver musicians and singers, many of them formerly with Quebec star Robert Charlebois.

Michel Bouché (Napa records, NAJA 11): A self-made, self-produced, self-motivated album by an artist in the style of Murray McLachlan.

BUSINESS / C. MUNGALL

Taking the law into your own hands — cheaply

Jack Jones, a 29-year-old Vancouver law graduate, figures he has the answer to the high cost of lawyers. For at least some of the people some of the time. He calls it Self Counsel Press, and during its last fiscal year it sold 100,000 copies of the books Jones publishes.

He describes it as "the law library for everyone" and it's a simplified, do-it-yourself approach. So far his company has published 17 lawyers' guides. Four of them apply across Canada: *Civil Rights*, *Canadian Consumer Handbook*, *Guide To Renter's A Good Business*, and *Credit Law Handbook*. The others vary, according to provincial law, and cover such topics as divorce, wills and probate proceedings, landlord/tenant relations, family law and marriage contracts, real estate buying and selling, labor law, incorporation and *Police*. The *Police* series editors of these are available in British Columbia, Ontario and Alberta.

The books are written for the layman ("My job," says Jones, "is to find an expert in each field of law, persuade him to write down what he knows and then translate it for the average guy") and they are sold in grocery stores as well as book stores. So far they're available at 300 outlets in Western Canada and 350 in Ontario, Quebec and the Midwest.

Self Counsel Press got started in 1970 when Jones, with two other UBC law graduates built a small but lucrative business selling case notes to other students.

Jones explains the success of his line, *Incidentally*, is follows: "I incorporated a lot of companies while I was writing, and the client was lucky if I had 20 minutes to spend with him to get the necessary information. That cost him \$400 in Vancouver, as much as \$500 in Ontario. A lot of money for a small company."

By doing it himself the same businessmen can achieve the incorporation for about 500. Jones claims errors are all. "You've got a hell of a advantage because you're dealing with

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Jones says he's had mixed responses from lawyers. "The divorce and incorporation guides cut right into the meat of the legal profession," he says. "though I've had some lawyers say the incorporation guide for their own information."

BOOKS / GEORGE WOODCOCK

You can't judge a book by its past

Not so very long ago, even in Canada, the idea that there could be anything worth calling a Canadian literature was widely greeted with something very like derision and contempt. In 1959 I started a magazine called *Canadian Literature* which proposed to devote itself entirely to Canadian writers and their works. Despite the disaster most people anticipated, *Canadian Literature* still flourishes, with more subscribers now than in its 14-year history.

One reason for *Canadian Literature's* success is that we noticed what most other people too modestly forgot. By the time *Canadian Literature* came into existence, a tradition of fine writing had already been established in Canada. About the time that our first issue appeared, Jack McClelland was probably having similar thoughts. He had Malcolm Ross as one critic and edited the New Canadian Library, whose greatest task has been to recover good books from Canada's past.

The New Canadian Library now has more than 120 titles, gathered from the past two centuries, in print. This spring, 20 new titles have appeared at prices varying from \$1.50 to \$2.95. At times when so many books are published at once, a couple are cheaper in heavy Victorian ones in this case, but most of the 20 are well worth a glance for quicker reading, or to satisfy your curiosity about Canadian writing, which is often very impressive by any standards, in at least five of the NCL titles shown.

There is, to begin with, Jack Levis's novel, *Above Ground* and Margaret Laurence's *A Jest of God*, an extraordinary narrative of a woman's self-liberation in a dystopian small-



Mavis Gifford: much too little known.

town world. *The End of The World And Other Stories* collects some of the very fine short stories of Mavis Gifford, an ex-patriate Canadian writer much too little known in her own country; these stories deal both with rural Quebec and with the life of North American expatriates in France. Howard O'Hagen's *Taxi Wale*, a splendid tale of a mythical Rocky Mountain hotel lived here, making its cynicism and deeply aware of the Canadian wilderness, is particularly welcome. It was published in 1960 and has never received the attention it deserves as an imaginative and beautifully constructed book.

Wyndham Lewis' *Self-Condensed* was, for a long time, unpopular in Canada. Published 20 years ago, it is a bitterly satirical novel, based on Lewis' life in Toronto in the 1940s. The city of Montreal, which he is now in *Self-Condensed*, has long been regarded as a portrait of Toronto and mounted accordingly though it actually is a mythical city representing the narrow attitudes of all White Canada as Lewis saw them.

A book among these new NCL titles that has a special topical interest is Frederick P. Grove's *In Search Of Myself*. Purporting to be an autobiography, it is in fact largely a work of imaginative fiction, and should be read in connection with a fascinating recently published book of literary detective work, *FPG: The European Years* (Ottawa Press, \$11.95) in which Douglas Sprague describes the investigations by which he proved that the Canadian novelist Grove had in the past been the German writer Grete and that the whole early part of *In Search Of Myself* was in fact merely invention. Why Grete chose to give himself such an elaborately gay and gay past is an interesting question, and one which should fascinate everyone interested in the minds and motives of writers.

A new book that should suc-

ceed to find its way into the New Canadian Library is Matt Cohen's somewhat novel, *The Desidered* (19.95, McClelland and Stewart). Remembering how *Idem* even Edmund Wilson sounded when he criticized Marley Callaghan with the great Russian novels, I don't propose to suggest that Cohen is like Faulkner or as good as Tolstoy. But anyone interested in fiction in the grand tradition will find that Cohen is attempting on an ambitious scale the same tasks as Faulkner and Tolstoy, and in so doing he is deliberately stepping into the minefields of the classic novel.

The Desidered is a more traditional novel than Cohen's earlier efforts, is centered around an Ontario family and the smoke that — after a spell in hospital — leads to his death is a mainly an interior novel, told in the thoughts and memories of Richard Thomas as he lies in hospital, with the thoughts of his wife, son and adopted son serving as inner themes. *The Desidered* justifies its title by presenting the history of an Ontario small family, vigorous and carefully controlled, whose energy is sapped by the influence of the modern world so surely as their countryside is razed by the creep of urbanization. The sense of warning past and present is splendidly created; the characters well to pieces as they recede into memory, and the whole novel — though it is of more than average length — has a largeness of measure that leaves a massive shadow on the mind.

PARADE

It's not often a world record is set over a period of two days. Not often, either, that it's set in a tiny Saskatchewan town, so small that even if the whole community turned out less than 1,000 people would witness history being made. Nor are records often set by well-known men.

But it did happen this past February 9 and 10 in the village of Alton, where Corporal Russ Phillips walked around an interior government truck 2,567 times — or, more precisely, 164 miles, 2,196 feet. The Guinness Book of Records listed the *Alton Endurance Walking* record as 73 miles, and Phillips fairly shattered the old mark.

The corporal, who in 1958 (from his fort so badly doctors predicted he'd never walk again, says it all goes back to his burned shyness. In 1948 he headed it from Brandon, Manitoba, to Regina rather than stick out his thumb and accept a ride with a stranger. That's 259 miles.



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